VOLUME 22 NUMBER 3

K AVE

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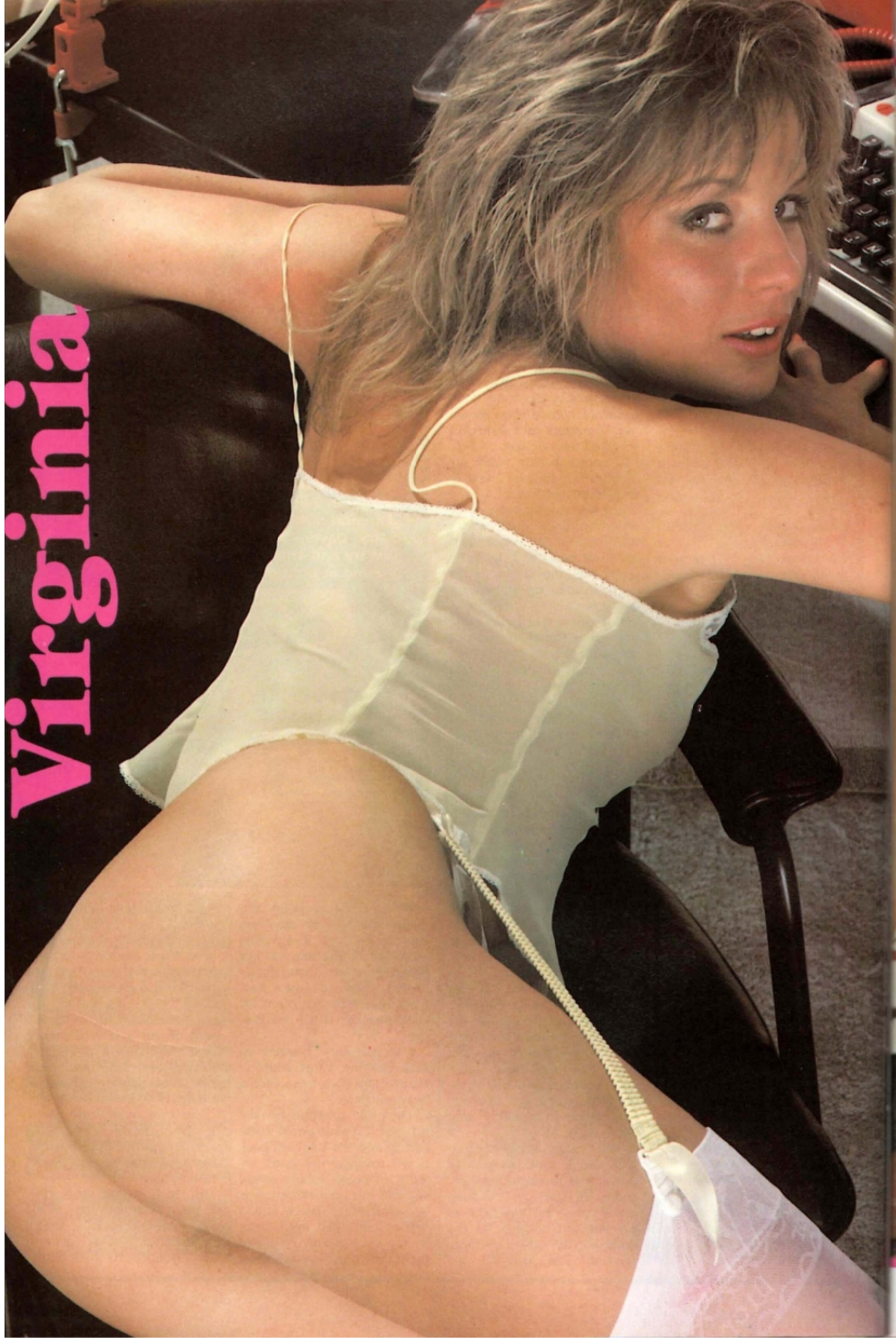
Here at Knave we are required to make these bits — the girl blurbs — as witty as possible. We can't talk about copious quantities of spunk like those Fiesta hacks, and we are supposed to give you lots of interesting anecdotes about the girls' backgrounds. Well bollocks to that, mate — I know you lot are more interested in physical information, so here it is: tits, bums and fannies! There, happy now? Oh, by the way, this is Marielle . . .

MARIELLE

Photographed by GEOFF HAYES

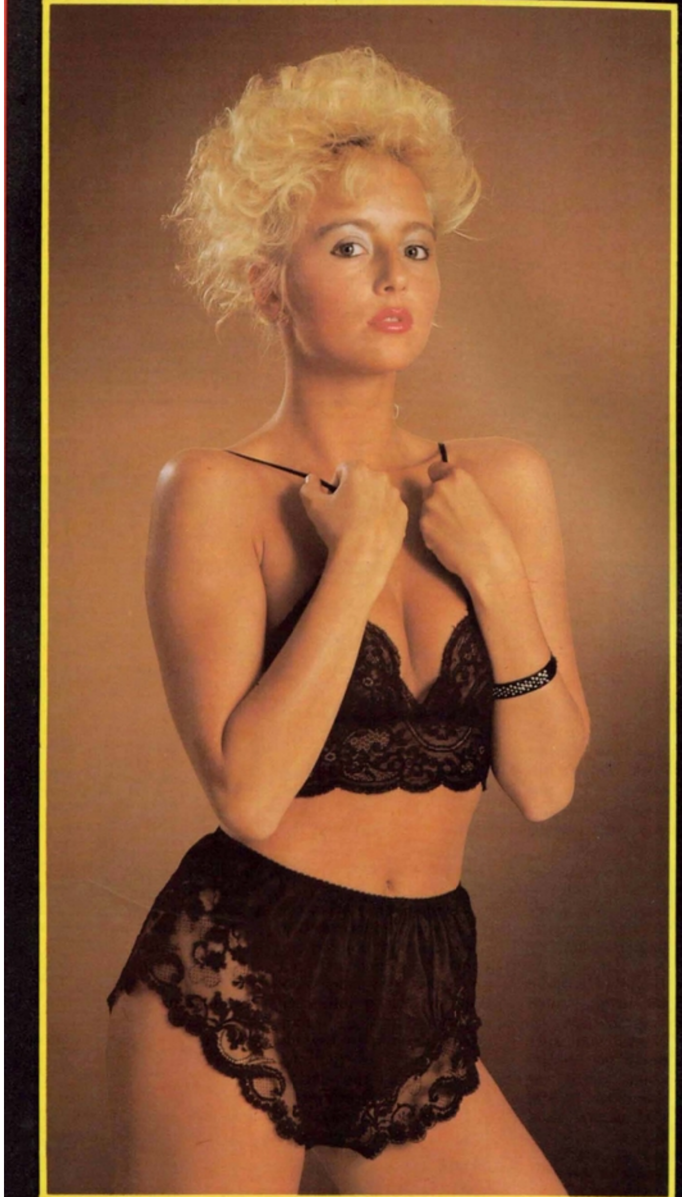
Virginia



We're informed — unreliably, we think — that this girl's name is Virginia. She's charming, certainly, and there's no doubting she's one of the most glamorous and exciting ladies to grace these pages for a goodly while, in the Ed's opinion. But Virginia? A virgin? I think not. So-called Virginia exudes experience. A night with her would, we feel, be one in which you would push back the frontiers of human sexual experience and leave her bed with an encyclopaedic knowlege of positions and a very sore willy.

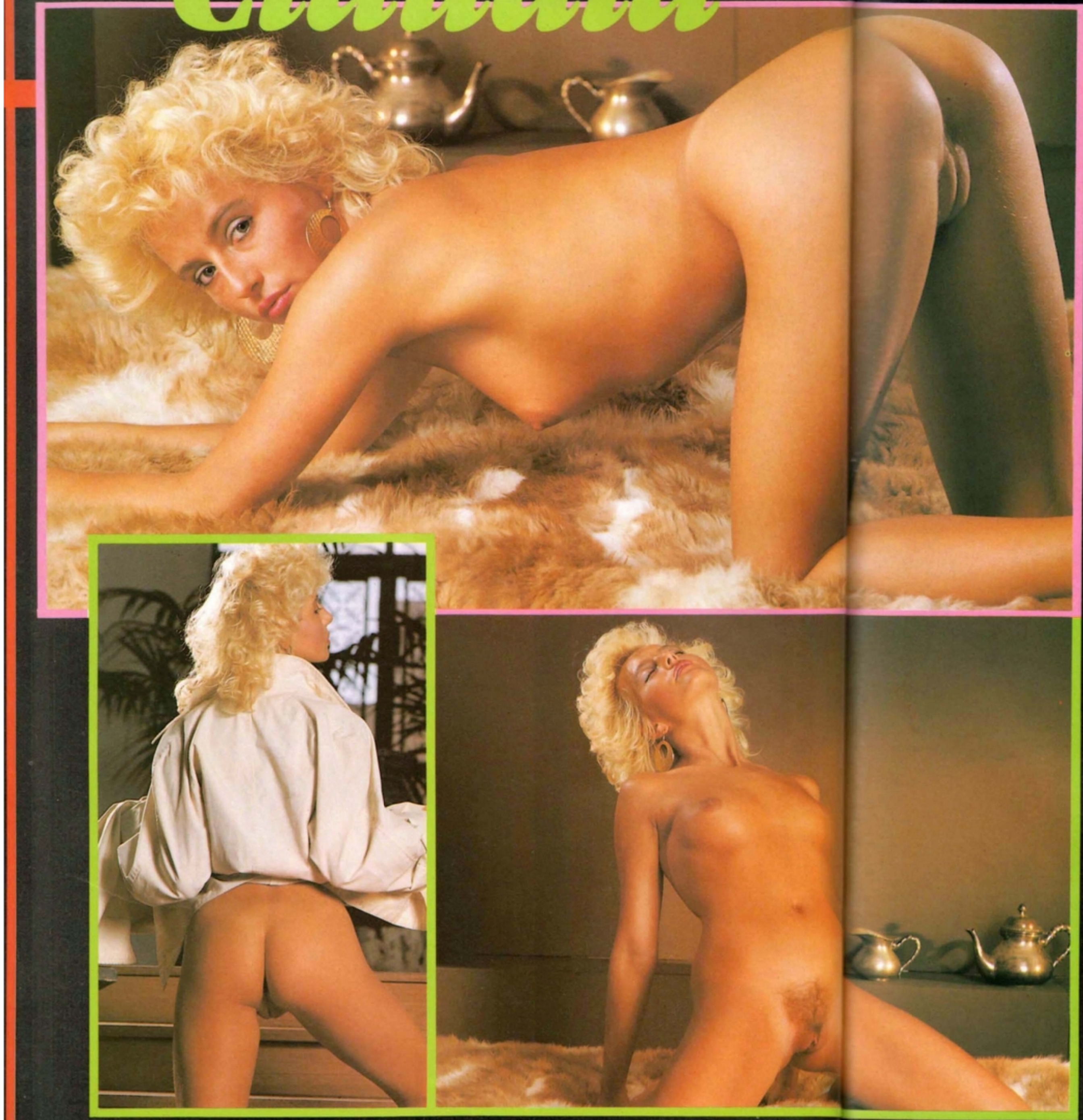
The Italian Job

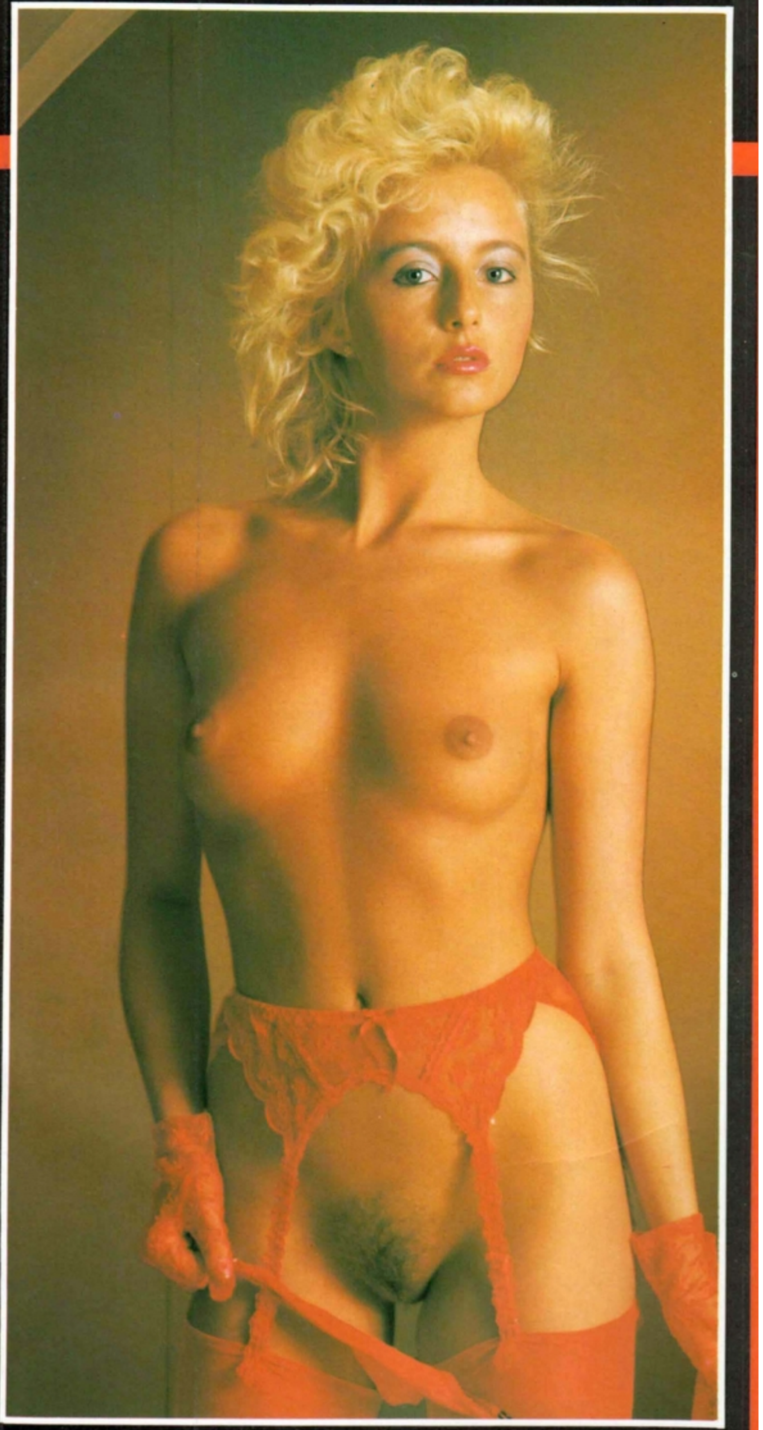
PHOTOGRAPHED BY Paolo Tallarigo



Yet another blonde Italian, I hear you cry. Well, no, I'm not going to lie. Actually, Claudia is German, but the photographer is most certainly of Italian heritage. So why is he taking pictures of a German girl? Simple – because she was there when he'd run out of Italian models. Yet another fine example of just how international we really are at Knave. Right, I'm off for my Sushi and chips now . . .

Claudia





KNAVE
LUCY

LUCY

Avoiding possible XS *style lines such as, "Cor, what a blinder," and "Lucy certainly puts other models in the shade," I will endeavour to introduce Lucy in a mature, adult fashion. Lucy, who originally studied to be an astro-physicist, found that most of her time was spent chasing boys, and not particles. Alright, that's an out-and-out lie. It was the boys who chased her . . . no, it's no good. I just can't do this sensibly, so I'll do it in the* Fiesta *style: dribble, dribble, dribble, gurgle, gurgle, here's Lucy. There, that's better!*

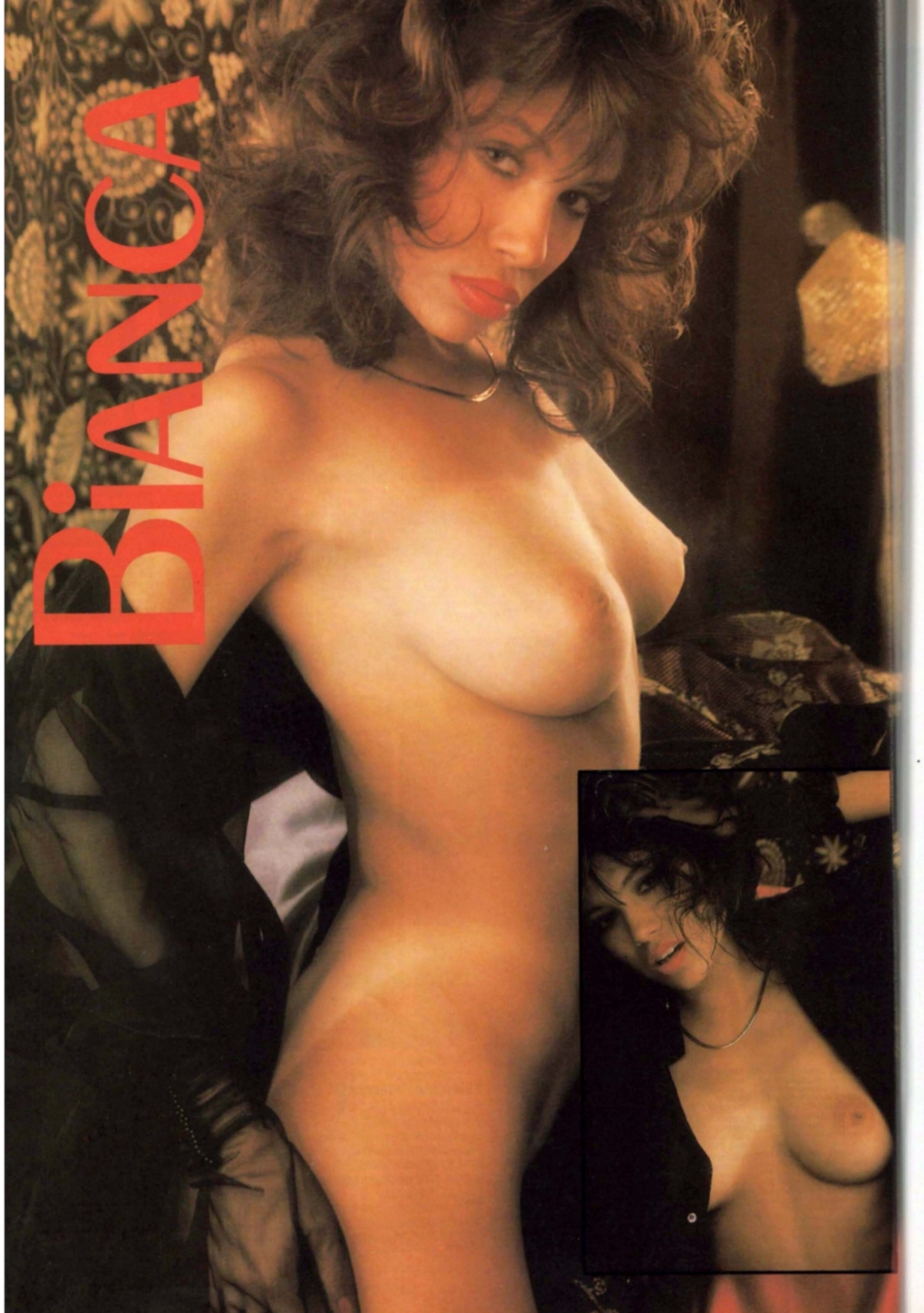
Photographed by FRANK LEE

Ellen

Californian girls are famed throughout the world for their looks, and Ellen here is no exception. A confirmed beach bunny, there isn't anything she likes more than a good session on the sand. Of course, this does lead to complaints from the sunbathers, but Ellen doesn't seem to be worried by what people make of her. Mind you, trying to tell the local police that your boyfriend was just rubbing some suntan lotion into that *part of your body, using* that *part of* his *body sounded pretty weak, even to me . . .*

Photographed by SUZE RANDALL

BiANCA



I seem to be taking a lot of stick from certain members of staff who work for XS magazine because of my penchant for girl's bottoms. Usually, I wouldn't feel the need to justify this bizzare facet of my personality, but having seen these pictures of Bianca and her incredibly untanned bot, I felt I had to explain my dribbling and gurgling. Of course, in the good old days pictures like this used to send me into strange spasms, but now that our editorial assistant has arrived on the scene, I can delegate tasks like that!

ALICIA

As some of our regulars will know, enclosing Alicia is our way of preserving the entente cordiale. *This pretty French maiden took quite a shine to young Richard, our new editorial assistant, on her last visit to Galaxy. A myriad of topics were discussed; from the EEC to France's chances in the World Cup, to punk rock and anarchy. A really sophisticated conversation breaking down a host of international barriers. It was just a pity that Alicia's grasp of English is minimal, and she barely understood a word Richard said. But then, that's the same for most of the staff here . . .*

Photographed by MIRION LINDSAY

Photographed by ULF STJERNBO

THEOLA

Ah, a familiar face in a sea of bosoms. It's been a while since Theola last popped in to see us, but she's always welcome. Particularly when she arrives dressed in an outfit like this. Not the best horse rider in the world, Theola has just finished a horsey holiday in Spain, which goes some way to explaining the strange kit she's wearing. "I just don't seem to see eye to eye with them," Theola says of horses. "I do like riding bare-backed, though," she grins. "Coincidentally enough," I told her, "so do I." But she refused to fall into my trap. Well, you gotta try, haven't you?

KNAVE

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4
THEOLA
Ulf Stjernbo

14
MARIELLE
Geoff Hayes

21
ROURKE ON THE WILD SIDE
A nice chat with old Mickey

30
VIRGINIA
Geoff Hayes

37
PARADISE HOTEL
The Bed & Breakfast bodice ripper

42
THE ITALIAN JOB CLAUDIA
Paolo Tallarigo

52
LUCY
Frank Lee

58
ANY WAY YOU WANT ME

60
IT AIN'T WHAT YOU SELL, IT'S THE WAY THAT YOU SELL IT!

66
BACK WITH A BANG!
The Happy Hooker returns

74
ELLEN
Suze Randall

82
BIANCA
Lew Jackson

90
ALICIA
Kirton Lindsay

100
ANNETTE
This month's First Timer photographed by Nick Gurgul

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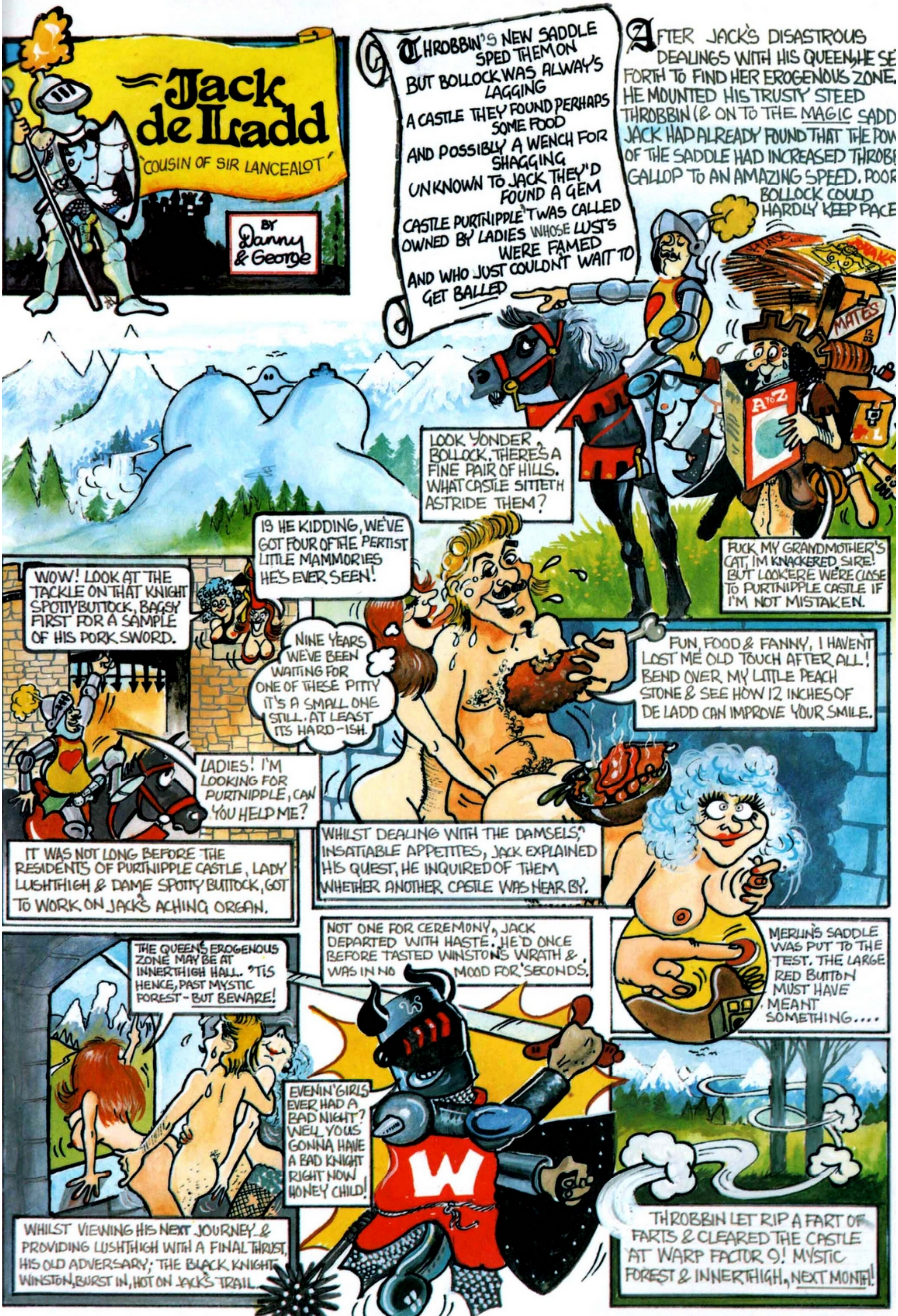
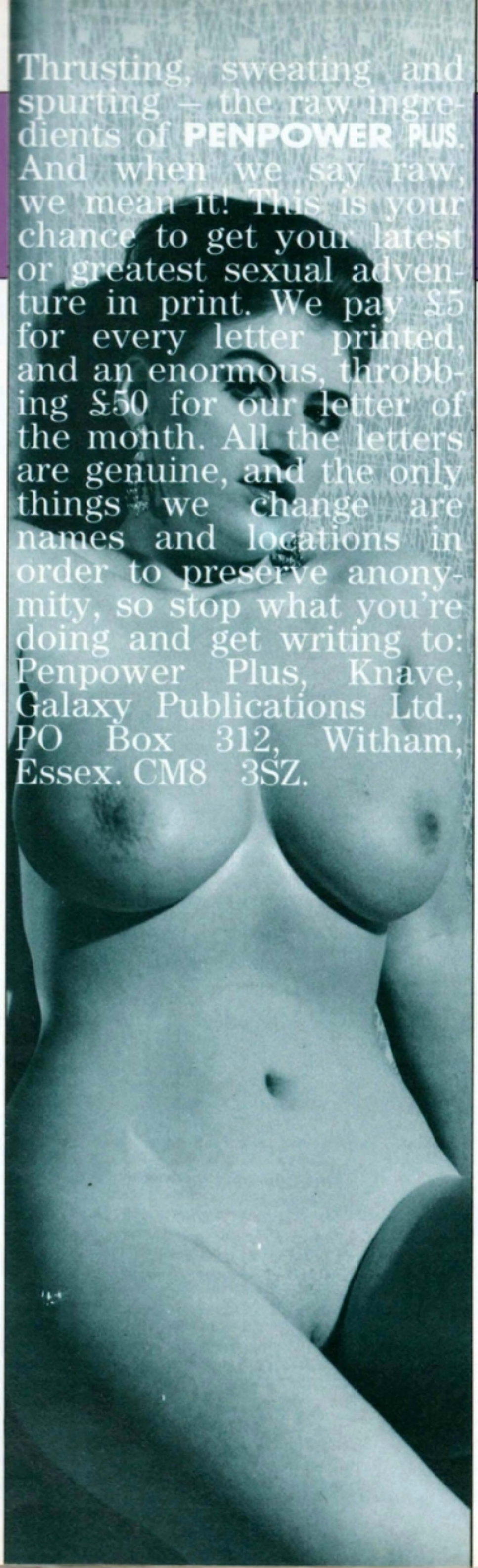

Jack de Ladd
"COUSIN OF SIR LANCEALOT"
BY Danny & George
THROBBIN'S NEW SADDLE SPED THEM ON
BUT BOLLOCK WAS ALWAY'S LAGGING
A CASTLE THEY FOUND PERHAPS SOME FOOD
AND POSSIBLY A WENCH FOR SHAGGING
UNKNOWN TO JACK THEY'D FOUND A GEM
CASTLE PURTNIPPLE 'TWAS CALLED
OWNED BY LADIES WHOSE LUST'S WERE FAMED
AND WHO JUST COULDN'T WAIT TO GET BALLED
AFTER JACK'S DISASTROUS DEALINGS WITH HIS QUEEN, HE SE FORTH TO FIND HER EROGENOUS ZONE. HE MOUNTED HIS TRUSTY STEED THROBBIN (& ON TO THE MAGIC SADD JACK HAD ALREADY FOUND THAT THE POW OF THE SADDLE HAD INCREASED THROBB GALLOP TO AN AMAZING SPEED. POOR BOLLOCK COULD HARDLY KEEP PACE
MATES
A to Z
LOOK YONDER, BOLLOCK, THERE'S A FINE PAIR OF HILLS. WHAT CASTLE SITTETH ASTRIDE THEM?
IS HE KIDDING, WE'VE GOT FOUR OF THE PERTIST LITTLE MAMMORIES HE'S EVER SEEN!
FUCK MY GRANDMOTHER'S CAT, I'M KNACKERED, SIRE! BUT LOOK'ERE WE'RE CLOSE TO PURTNIPPLE CASTLE IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN.
WOW! LOOK AT THE TACKLE ON THAT KNIGHT SPOTTYBUTTOCK, BAGSY FIRST FOR A SAMPLE OF HIS PORK SWORD.
NINE YEARS WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR ONE OF THESE PITTY IT'S A SMALL ONE STILL, AT LEAST ITS HARD-ISH.
FUN, FOOD & FANNY, I HAVEN'T LOST ME OLD TOUCH AFTER ALL! BEND OVER MY LITTLE PEACH STONE & SEE HOW 12 INCHES OF DE LADD CAN IMPROVE YOUR SMILE.
LADIES! I'M LOOKING FOR PURTNIPPLE, CAN YOU HELP ME?
IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THE RESIDENTS OF PURTNIPPLE CASTLE, LADY LUSHTHIGH & DAME SPOTTY BUTTOCK, GOT TO WORK ON JACK'S ACHING ORGAN.
WHILST DEALING WITH THE DAMSELS' INSATIABLE APPETITES, JACK EXPLAINED HIS QUEST, HE INQUIRED OF THEM WHETHER ANOTHER CASTLE WAS NEAR BY.
THE QUEEN'S EROGENOUS ZONE MAY BE AT INNERTHIGH HALL. 'TIS HENCE, PAST MYSTIC FOREST - BUT BEWARE!
NOT ONE FOR CEREMONY, JACK DEPARTED WITH HASTE. HE'D ONCE BEFORE TASTED WINSTON'S WRATH & WAS IN NO MOOD FOR 'SECONDS'.
MERLIN'S SADDLE WAS PUT TO THE TEST. THE LARGE RED BUTTON MUST HAVE MEANT SOMETHING....
EVENIN' GIRLS EVER HAD A BAD NIGHT? WELL YOUS GONNA HAVE A BAD KNIGHT RIGHT NOW HONEY CHILD!
W
WHILST VIEWING HIS NEXT JOURNEY & PROVIDING LUSHTHIGH WITH A FINAL THRUST, HIS OLD ADVERSARY, THE BLACK KNIGHT WINSTON, BURST IN, HOT ON JACK'S TRAIL.
THROBBIN LET RIP A FART OF FARTS & CLEARED THE CASTLE AT WARP FACTOR 9! MYSTIC FOREST & INNERTHIGH, NEXT MONTH!

PENPOWER PLUS



Thrusting, sweating and spurting – the raw ingredients of **PENPOWER PLUS**. And when we say raw, we mean it! This is your chance to get your latest or greatest sexual adventure in print. We pay £5 for every letter printed, and an enormous, throbbing £50 for our letter of the month. All the letters are genuine, and the only things we change are names and locations in order to preserve anonymity, so stop what you're doing and get writing to: Penpower Plus, Knave, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex. CM8 3SZ.

Losing It

I am writing this letter because it's the tenth anniversary of my first sexual experience. That experience was far too long in coming, I was all of twenty at the time, but when it did, it left me with a memory that will be with me always.

I'd been going out with a girl called Lee for ages. From the beginning, there was more to our relationship than physical attraction, although that was very strong, and after a while it began to manifest itself. I discovered that she could kiss like no other girl I'd known, and she only had to run her tongue across my lips to send my cock jutting upwards. Soon afterwards, she thrilled me further by letting me uncover and hold her breasts. They were full and round, and she loved it when I rolled them in my hands and made the nipples rise, hard and pointed from their pink aureoles. And then there was the greatest prize of all that awaited me – or so I hoped.

What was a woman's cunt – Lee's cunt – really like? I had seen women in bathing costumes and had noticed the gentle swell at the bottom of their bellies. Also, once or twice I had seen a slim crack running down between their legs when their costumes were wet and tight. What secrets did those costumes hide? My imagination ran wild, and I would have given my right arm to find out.

My longing to see and touch her cunt became an obsession. But no matter how much heat and passion we generated together, her hand was always in place to thwart me. "No," she would say when my hand started to move along her thigh or down to her waist. I asked her many times just to let me have a little feel – I promised that I wouldn't look – but I couldn't get her to relent. When I asked, "Why not?" she replied with the enigmatic answer, "because."

We had being going out together for about six months when I went away to work in Portsmouth, at the other end of the country. Being poor, I couldn't afford to go home much so I saw less of Lee. But we kept in touch by phone and post. We missed each other and it was always my fondest hope that when I went home, Lee would be there to make me happy. But to my disappointment and growing frustration, she remained staunchly unco-operative when it came to giving me what I wanted.

I dated a few girls in Portsmouth, as much out of loneliness as anything else. But nothing came out of the relationships I formed. I wanted sex not love, but couldn't find anyone who would give it to me. I felt no loyalty to Lee, in fact I blamed her for the way I felt. What surprised me was the ease with which my colleagues found girls who would drop their knickers for the price of an evening out.

Then my work took me to Holland, where I spent six months. I was busy there, and had no time for girls. Then I went home again. I had told Lee that I was coming and was more than happy when she greeted me at the door with a gorgeous kiss. That, at least, held a promise of things to come. Knowing that I was coming, her parents had tactfully gone out for the evening, leaving us all alone. For the first few minutes, my eyes never left her. She was more sexy than ever, and I noticed every movement of her eyes and face, every ripple of her unsupported breasts and every wobble of her hips and bottom. She was a tempting fuck, and she knew it. I wanted her on the sofa right away, and felt very irritated when she spent time clearing up after her mother, and washing up the dishes left over from tea. "That's finished that," she said at last, "let's go for a walk."

A walk was not exactly what I hoped for, but I agreed and we set off. When we appeared to be on our own, I hugged her and opened her dress. I would have put her down on the grass, but it was the day after a heavy rainstorm. So we stood, swaying, as we kissed and fondled. Just then we heard someone approaching, so Lee fastened her buttons and we made our way back to the house.

We sat on the sofa, and fell into another embrace. Her lips were soon hot and wet again, and her slithering tongue began its familiar dance inside my mouth. This was marvellous, and the sap started to rise once more. She slipped her hand inside my shirt, and I felt her fingers fluttering over my chest and back. I responded by placing my hand on her knee. She immediately covered it with her own. But I noticed she didn't make me take it away this time. Screwing up my courage, and being careful not to move too fast, I moved my hand along the front of her thigh and between her legs. All the time her hand chaperoned mine. I reached the hem of her knickers and her grip on me tightened. "Please," I said, "just the once – just for a moment."

For what seemed like an eternity she made no reply, but kept her hand there. We never broke from the deep kiss we were enjoying. Then she took her hand away, opened her legs and let me go inside. I was excited beyond words, but she was flushed and sweaty, and looked a little coy about what she had permitted. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have led you on," she said, as she did up her buttons.

I saw her action as a rebuff. I had been doing rather well to get my fingers on her cunt, but I wanted more of it, much more. Neither of us spoke until she broke an embarrassing silence by asking about Holland. She began to question me about the country, its people and my work there. Eventually, the subject of the girls and sex was raised. She asked if they were nice, and had I been to bed with any? She tried to make light of her questions, but they revealed her concern and a trace of jealousy. In the end my answers satisfied her and she relaxed. "I only asked because I missed you," she said, "you've no idea how glad I am to have you back." She returned to my side with a tear in her eye, and kissed me hungrily. "I had to be sure," she said. Sure of what? I wondered, but didn't like to ask.

We kissed and I felt her cunt once more. I established without doubt that she was a virgin – she winced as I pressed my finger inside, and panted as I finger-fucked her.

"You'll be gentle with me

▶ 2

Glorious Gayle

I must thank whoever was responsible for the spunkingly good shots of Gayle in your Christmas issue. What a fantastic body she's got – I wish Santa had been kind enough to let her fill some stockings for me! I usually go for the slim look, but Gayle has changed my ideas totally. She isn't fat, but her breast and bum are just the right size for grabbing.

Using the saddle in the pictures was interesting. I wonder how many of your readers wished they could have licked it clean after Gayle had finished with it! – *T.H., Essex.*

JOKER

Word came down from the Fiesta Editor that the Asst. Ed. would have to work late. That was okay with the assistant, except his phone was out at home, so he couldn't tell his wife.

"I drive that way and can let her know," said the Editor.

So at tea-time that night, the Editor arrived at his assistant's house. The assistant's wife came to the door, dressed only in a sheer wrap-around gown; the Editor couldn't take his eyes off her body.

He explained who he was, and told her that her husband would be late. Then he said, "How about popping upstairs for a quick fuck?"

The wife went bright red, and slapped the Editor across the face. "Swine!" she cried.

"What if I give you £100 ?" he said.

"Certainly not!" shouted the wife.

"£150?" said the Editor.

"Uh . . .No!"

"Okay, £200!" he offered.

"I couldn't," murmured the assistant's wife.

"He's never going to find out, and it's a quick way of earning £200," pointed out the Editor.

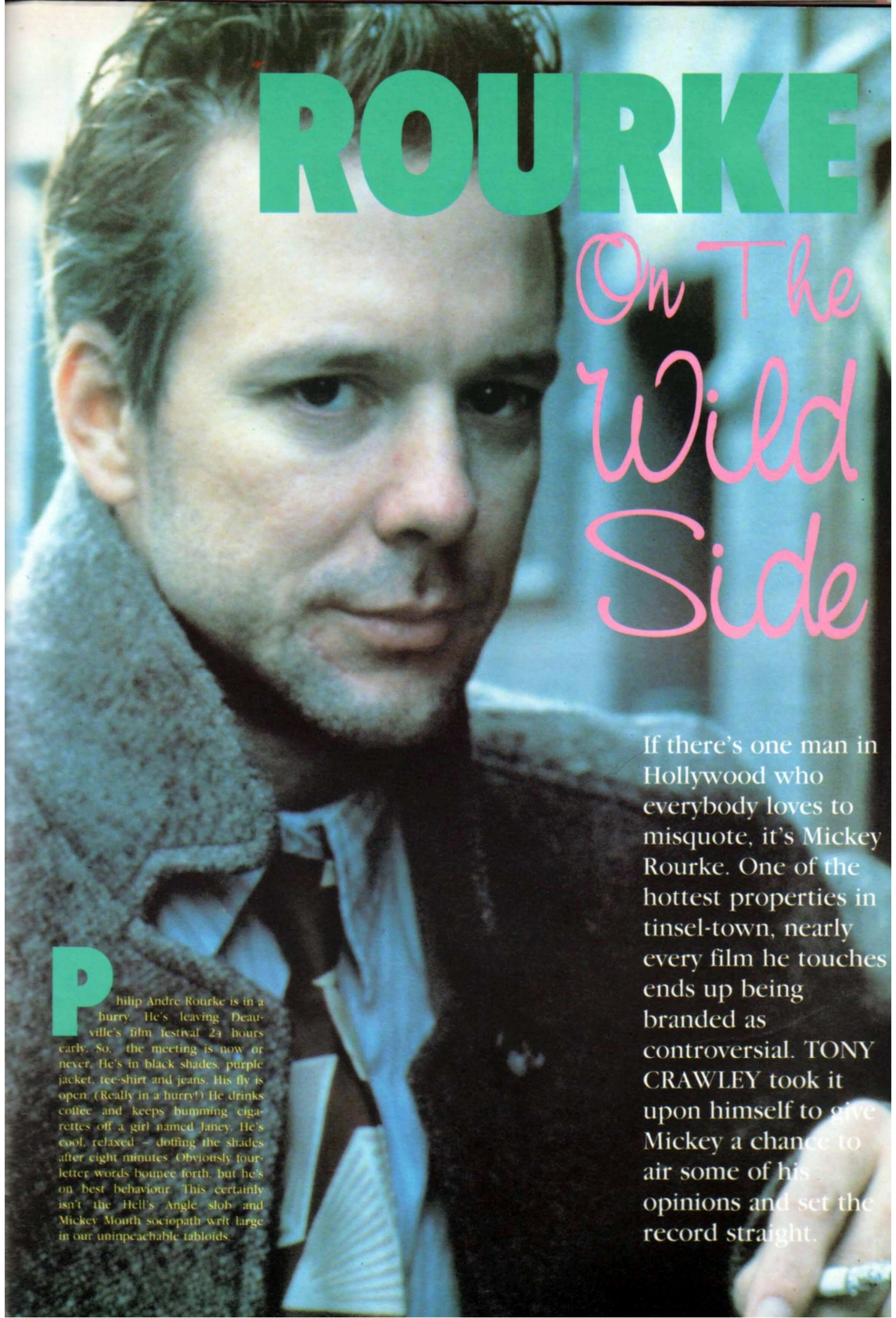
The wife agreed, and led her husband's boss up to the bedroom, where they duly copulated, and £200 changed hands.

At around 10pm, the Assistant Editor returned home, long after his gaffer had left the house.

"Did my boss come round to tell you I'd be late?"

"Yes," said his wife, "he popped in."

"Good," said the assistant. "Did he give you my salary?"



ROURKE On The Wild Side

If there's one man in Hollywood who everybody loves to misquote, it's Mickey Rourke. One of the hottest properties in tinsel-town, nearly every film he touches ends up being branded as controversial. TONY CRAWLEY took it upon himself to give Mickey a chance to air some of his opinions and set the record straight.

Philip Andre Rourke is in a hurry. He's leaving Deauville's film festival 24 hours early. So, the meeting is now or never. He's in black shades, purple jacket, tee-shirt and jeans. His fly is open. (Really in a hurry!) He drinks coffee and keeps bumming cigarettes off a girl named Janey. He's cool, relaxed – doffing the shades after eight minutes. Obviously four-letter words bounce forth, but he's on best behaviour. This certainly isn't the Hell's Angle slob and Mickey Mouth sociopath writ large in our uninpeachable tabloids.

◀11

if I let you?" she asked. But I was too breathless to reply, I wasn't expecting this quite so soon. "Come on," she whispered, "it'll be alright. Come on."

We neither talked or looked at each other as we undressed, but we both visibly trembled. We shed garment for garment until her knickers and my underpants fell simultaneously onto the carpet. Lee was beautiful, and it was not just the mysterious triangle of brown curly hair that fascinated me. The whole of her young, supple body, with its graceful curves and smooth textured skin, was beautiful. I don't know what she thought of my nakedness, but I noticed her eyes were glued to my cock. I stepped towards her and took her in my arms. I drew her towards me until my cock sank into the softness of her groin.

"You don't mind what I'm going to do to you?" I asked. She looked up at me with a little smile. "No," she replied.

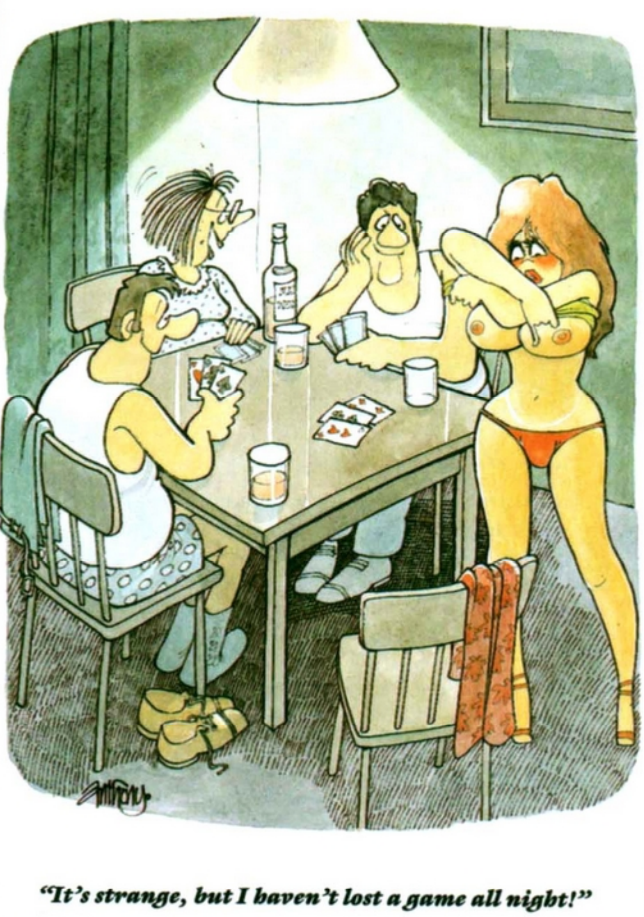
I tried to be as gentle with her as I could. I expected her to be tense and a little apprehensive, especially as she knew that I hadn't done it before, but I was astonished by the ferocity of her response. Her body moved beneath me, and after a few seconds she began to move softly and we panted in unison. "Aaaaaaaaah," she cried, as she reached her climax. I made a similar noise as I ejaculated. It was a long time before I withdrew, and when I did there was a trace of blood on my penis.

"Are you sore?" I asked. "A little, not much," she replied. I rolled onto my back, my lust sated. "Want to do it again?" she enquired. "Give me a moment, I need to recover," I pleaded. "Come here, I'll make you recover," she retorted, and for the second time that night, she opened her legs for me. – *S.G., Newcastle.*

(If you ask me mate, you deserve our £50 Letter Of The Month prize for waiting so long! – Dep Ed).

Carpet Massages

When I lived in Cornwall I had a few escapades, but none as exciting as Pat. Driving down a country lane one afternoon, I passed a woman out walking. She was about 35, tall, and a good sixteen stone. She looked hot and tired in the summer sun, so on impulse I stopped and told her where I was going, and that she was welcome to a lift; which she accepted readily



"It's strange, but I haven't lost a game all night!"

I was renting a detached cottage about a quarter of a mile from the hamlet where the woman, Pat, lived. In conversation, I mentioned I would drive past my home and take her on into the village. She declined, and said that a lift to my cottage would be fine.

When I arrived home, I offered Pat a drink. We were sitting in my living room when Pat said how hot it was. I innocently suggested she should take something off – meaning the cardigan she had on.

Instead, she raised her arms and completely disrobed, removing her cardigan, and the dress she wore beneath it, to reveal a short petticoat. I was beginning to realise that she wanted more than a drink. Boldly, I asked why stop at the petticoat? She immediately took it off, revealing her large, bra-less boobs and mini briefs.

Aroused, I had to have her, but was caught off guard by the suddenness of the situation. Pat stretched out on the carpet, saying that was better. Clumsily, I asked if she would like a massage, and she accepted. I told her to lie on her front. I quickly stripped and started on her shoulders. With a prick the size of an Apollo rocket, I knelt astride her and gripped her shoulders. Pushing her flat on the floor, I put my knees on her shoulders and gradually worked my way down to her backside.

After massaging her buttocks with my knees, I sat on her bum and used my hands on her back. Then I turned round, and sitting on her bum again, I massaged her thighs and crotch. Her big thighs felt great, and after a few minutes I suggested I 'massage' her front.

She lay on her back and I straddled her belly. I gently massaged her big boobs while we exchanged small talk. She was taken with my 'knee massage', and I told her I could 'bum massage' her tits. I was sitting fully on her, and she took my weight well. So with her lovely mouth pouting every last syllable, I just had to have a go. When she agreed to a 'bum massage', I moved up her chest until I was sitting on her boobs. With her face between my thighs, she just opened her mouth and I managed to get the knob end of my prick down far enough for her to suck.

I asked if I could shoot into her mouth, but she said she wanted it on her breasts. Stretching her arms straight above her head on the carpet, I lay astride her with my cock in her valley and my inner thighs astride her boobs. I kept telling her to stretch and breathe in to expand her chest. She was lovely, and squirmed just enough to give me an exciting ride.

When I shot my load, I really fucked her tits, punching at her with my hips until we were slipping and sliding in spunk. Panting, I sat back on her belly and brought her off with my fingers, while my prick got ready for full fucking. That was quite a nice session, and one Pat and I repeated many times after that! – *M.P., London.*

I hope you had a good vacuum cleaner! – Dep Ed.

Holiday 90

Now that the holiday season is just about to kick off, a thought springs to mind. Everyone has heard about what a hot bed of sexual activity those "holidays aimed at the youth market" (*No advertising here, mate! –Dep Ed*) are, and recently

▶

ROURKE On The Wild Side

He speaks softly and carries a big *schtick*, called: raw honesty. He's more articulate than De Niro, despite some street-slang and dropped g's. A prince! Yet a couple of days later, he cancelled interviews at Venice, and, at his press conference, simply whispered his answers to an interpreter to announce loudly . . . in Italian. Let the British papers misquote him now!

Since being set up with loaded IRA questions at Cannes last year, Mickey Rourke is wary of the British Press. They tried to nail him again at Deauville, prompting a German to copy them: What *happened* at Cannes? "A whole bunch of shit," spits Rourke. Then he silences him: "I don't wanna go into it. It ain't gonna do me any good and it ain't gonna do you any good."

When Mickey says "British out!" he doesn't only mean Northern Ireland but his media conflabs. My accent almost had me barred me from the rushed Deauville meet. "Don't," I said, "let my accent put you off." He smiled. Not a care in the world. "I really feel confused sometimes why I sit in a room and people write down what I have to say. But I guess that comes with the territory." [Pause]. "It depends on what mood I'm in."

Not long ago, the mood was bleak. "Don't call me a fuckin' actor, man," he snarled, "that's somethin' I don't have a lotta fuckin' respect for now." He seemed poised to jump on his Harley and split.

"That's when I did nothing but defend Michael Cimino for ***The Year of The Dragon***. That movie was so hated in the States, it was like we'd killed their children. And I just got burnt out trying to change somethin' that was . . . too big to change. Doesn't have anything to do with good direction or good acting, it's got more to do with, ya know. *Raiders of the Lost Ark, Batman, Superman, Flash Gordon* and whatever the fuck it is – and how much money they all make! Nothing to do with the reasons why I became an actor."

But move along, move along – Mickey's in a hurry . . . He has a date with Paris with Kim Basinger (mmm!) and Roman Polanski (hrumph!) about . . . ***9½ Weeks II*** (oh!) Not that he's into sequels. He avoids them by dying in films. He dies almost as often as Alain Delon. "That bothers my mother, doesn't bother me. I'm looking forward to it."

Death, he seemed to mean. Not his "maybe" films, like Antonioni's ***The Crew***, Julian Temple's ***Weegee The Famous***, Michael Cimino's re-make of Bogart's ***Desperate Hours***, or . . .

9½ WEEKS II

"Polanski is a real good decision, yeah! *If* we can get the right stuff on the page and not compromise again. If it could be more about taking chances, more intimate and inovative – not just being a sequel – then I'd be interested. They blew it the last time! If everybody holds on to their balls . . . maybe we could do it, ya know."

9½ WEEKS

"I kept my pants on the whole movie . . . I was shown certain material and there were a lotta scenes they sorta shied away from. Adrian Lyne had just made *Flashdance* and everybody wanted him to make a real commercial film like that. I'd the impression we were going to break new territory . . . There are certain paranoias and fantasies, certain delicate, subtle things that go on between two people that I wanted to delve into and capture. But that wouldn't sell as many tickets as me humping Kim on a coffee table."

HOLLYWOOD

"If you don't just be a robot there and kiss all their fuckin' asses, then they call you difficult. That's the way it is, really."

ACTING

"You have moments when you think acting is not a very manly profession, because the people you hafta deal with are on such a low level. The sad part is that at 17, 19 in acting school, you have a dream: one day all the shit's really gonna come together and it's going to be great! Suddenly, you're 27, 28 and you see it isn't a dream but a machine grinding you up and spitting you out."

SUCCESS

"Depends what level of success you're talkin' about. There's a lotta actors in the States who suck and are very "successful". I don't know if ability or depth or what-have-you has anything to do with that. There's a lotta politics involved. In choosing what type of actor you wanna be, what type of movies you wanna make, there are different degrees of success. Depends what you can live with. Money does not enter it at all for me."

I.R.A.

In Cannes, he said he didn't give a fuck about what Mrs. Thatcher had to say, and had donated part of his $2 million **Francesco** *film salary to "causes in Northern Ireland". The tabloids "reported" he'd given it all to the IRA – and said precious little of his later clarification:*

"I do not dare to use my notoriety as an actor to exploit political issues. When I was asked about contributions made, I was obviously misunderstood. I have never given money to the Irish Republican Army, but I have discussed with certain Catholic organisations in New York and Washington about giving money to the poor and homeless children who are victims of the circumstances of Northern Ireland. If the British choose to use this as a platform to persecute me as an Irish Catholic, then that is their indulgence."

"NEW DEAN/BRANDO/DE NIRO"

"I hear all name stuff but don't think about it. Spent too many years being concerned about it. If I was 20 years old I'd probably get a kick out of it. Now I really don't care. They're gonna say what they're gonna say, turn you into whatever they want to turn you into, you know."

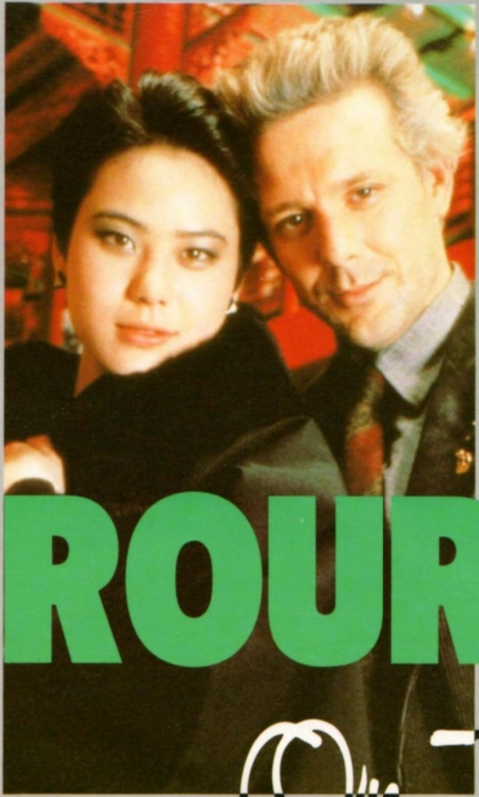
BAD BOY IMAGE

"This stems back to the problems we had on *9½ Weeks*. All these fuck-heads came in with different interpretations of what it should be. Then, Adrian kinda lost his balls and we ended up with something that looked like a bad TV commercial. And I kinda mouthed off about it, said shit to the producers. Everybody has to have somebody to blame. So I guess I was the one to blame on that one. Word of mouth gets around real quick. I didn't work there for about a year and a half!"

DIRECTORS

"If it's interesting material but a weak director, or if I don't like

ROURKE On The Wild Side



his personality, then I won't do it. If it's a really great director I like and the cast isn't right, then I won't go to work. It gets a little complicated."

YEAR OF THE DRAGON

"I was disgusted with what those cowardly motherfucker critics did to the movie. They ripped it up and put it in the toilet. Because of their vendetta against Cimino since *Heaven's Gate*. Here's a director who takes chances and makes movies that have a lotta truth in them. Whether they're good movies or bad movies, the effort he puts into them is important."

CHOOSING FILMS

"Sometimes hard to decide which one to do, ya know. Sometimes, I just don't do any. I'd rather not go to work if it's not something that I can do differently. After ***Barfly*** and ***Johnny Handsome***, I'm sorta ready to go into a different area." (Pause). "I think you do what you're meant to do. I don't know how it works to tell you the truth!"

COMEDIES

"I only know dirty jokes. Don't know anything else! But if all the right elements were there, with the right people I wanted to work with . . . yeah, sure!"

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

"They offered it about four years ago. Kept giving me scripts. I went to Mississippi and met Jerry. The motherfucker's nuts, ya know. He's a strange dude. Somethin' real dark and out of control there. And I wanted to do the *real* Jerry Lee Lewis – or not at all. Because it would've taken me a lotta work to do – a year and a half to get ready for that. Unless they were going to do the real fucker, I didn't see the point of making this bubblegum portrayal."

HOMEBOY

"It's about a fighter I knew – had all the tools, just had a little trouble upstairs. I wrote it because I had nothin' to do. Wasn't workin', couldn't sleep, had a lotta anger inside and couldn't constructively vent it anywhere – so I put it on paper. When I'm hurt or angry, writing lets the steam out, takes the pain away – but that's all private stuff . . . They're not going to release it as a film in the United States. The producer made a video-deal first. All about money! As it's a movie that took me a long time to make and is real close to me and I didn't think it would be appreciated – maybe that's the best thing. Disappointing. But I'm numb. Just like to finish a movie and just go on to the next one and don't think too much of the last one. Keep movin' on."

BAD BOY IMAGE II

"When I did – what the fuck was it? – ***Angel Heart*** . . . Alan Parker came up to me on the street and told me all the dreadful stories he'd heard about me. He talked to me like I was about eleven years old. Kept saying: "I'm going to use you/I'm not going to use you. Are you going to behave/Are you not going to behave? Are you going to show up/Are you not going to show up?" Alan's a real interesting director. But to hear chit-chat from all these motherfuckers and be worried about it, that says a little something in itself, ya know."

JOHNNY HANDSOME

"I didn't know how it was gonna work out. Nor did the director, Walter Hill. He said this to me right up front: 'This movie can either be an interesting film or it can be one confusing piece of shit.' I don't know if he used those words. That's what he meant! I respected him for being able to take a chance on that because he can do one of those fuckin' movies with Schwarzenegger, blow everybody away and make a lotta money."

JOHNNY'S MAKE-UP

"If I'd known how hard it was in the make-up mask, I probably wouldn't have done it. I don't like to be all covered up like that. I couldn't breathe in the thing, it got hot and sticky in New Orleans. Hardest thing was when the mask comes off, when my responsibilty was to keep looking that way but still feel that way inside . . . My feeling is every morning he wakes up, he still thinks he looks like the monster. And feels like it inside, even more. He always has that face."

PRISON

"We shot some of it inside a Louisiana jail. Most of the convicts had committed crimes like 23 years ago – and some of their sentences were very suspect because they were black, or else they were poor white trash . . . Louisiana is a tough place to be if you ain't got any money. A lot of them were doing life without possibility of parole. They're so institutionalised, they're like the living-dead. But I guess if you go out and do what they did, that's the price you hafta pay. One guy was due to be executed. When we arrived they postponed his execution date by two weeks. A guard showed him to me. He was out back doing his garden. 'Tell him what was supposed to be happening to you today . . .' And he said: 'Well, they were gonna give me the electric chair today.' That was like, ya know . . . kinda strange stuff. To see him sittin' there – still gardening."

FUTURE

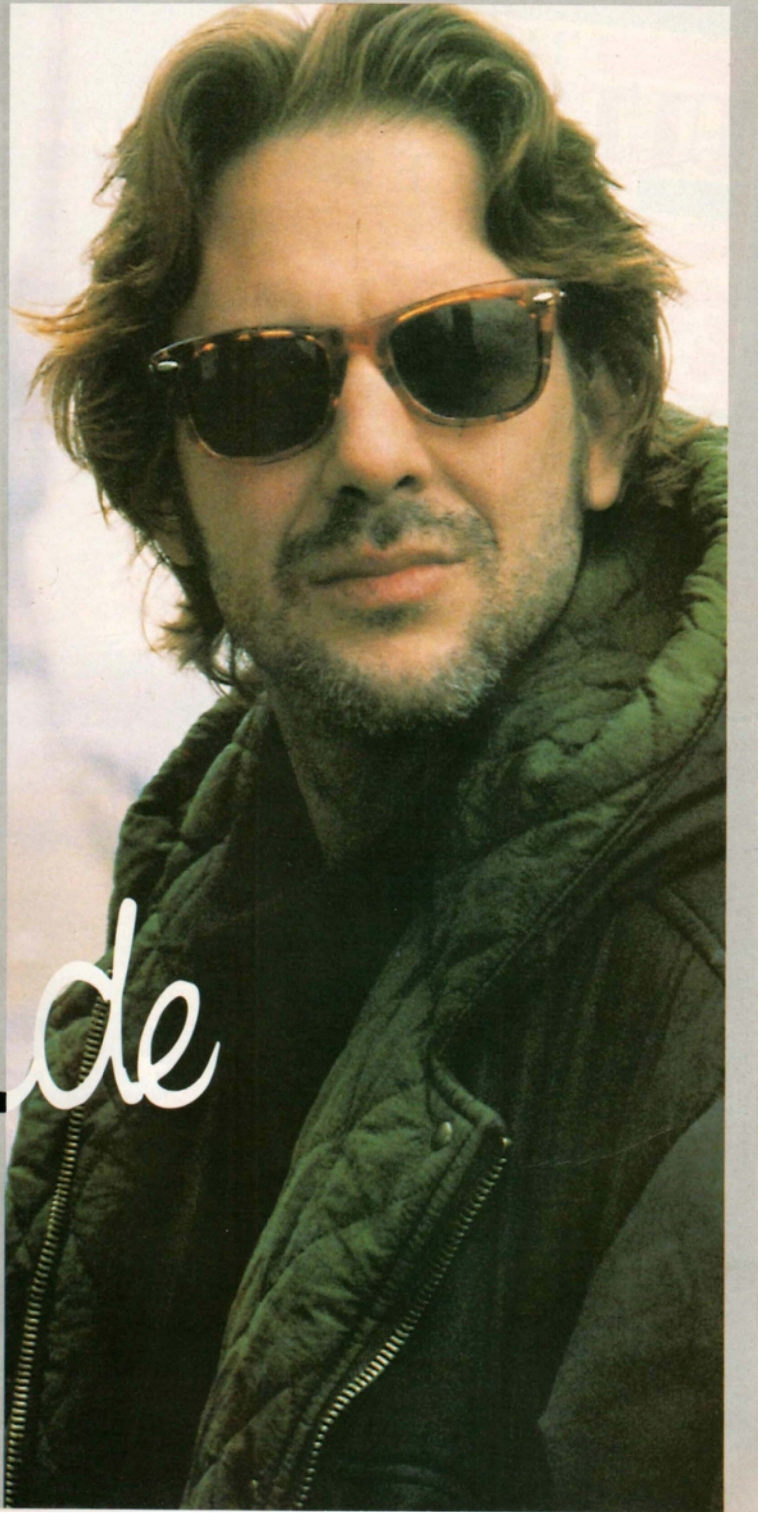
"I've my own production company but it's hard to find material that you want to work so hard to do. I've got somebody writing ***The Ride***, about my very, very expensive habit. Motor-cycles. We'll do it sometime this year."

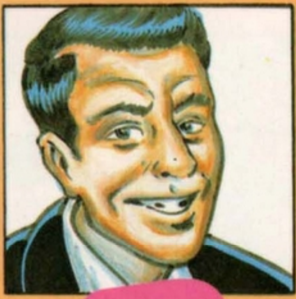
MOVIES

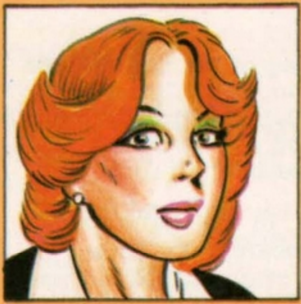
"I don't go to the movies anymore. I see my own – one time. When the movie's finished and the director calls up, I go see it. I don't watch dailies (rushes). Did once about eight years ago and hated everything I was doing. Too critical."

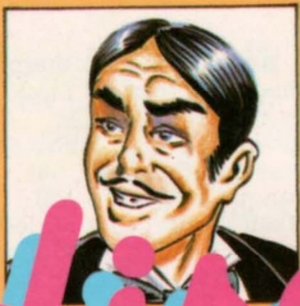
RELAXATION

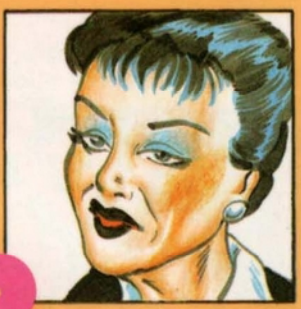
"I don't do a lotta shit, ya know. Sittin', drinkin' coffee in the back room of my bar and vegetate most of the time. It's mine and my brother's: 'Mickey's and Joey's'. We've had it a year! We do tattooing, sell international magazines. Yeah, I've gotta tattoo – but not from the bar! I'm loosing money on it. I hafta go to work to keep it goin'. I wanna open some more bars. Gotta get ready to do somethin' else."



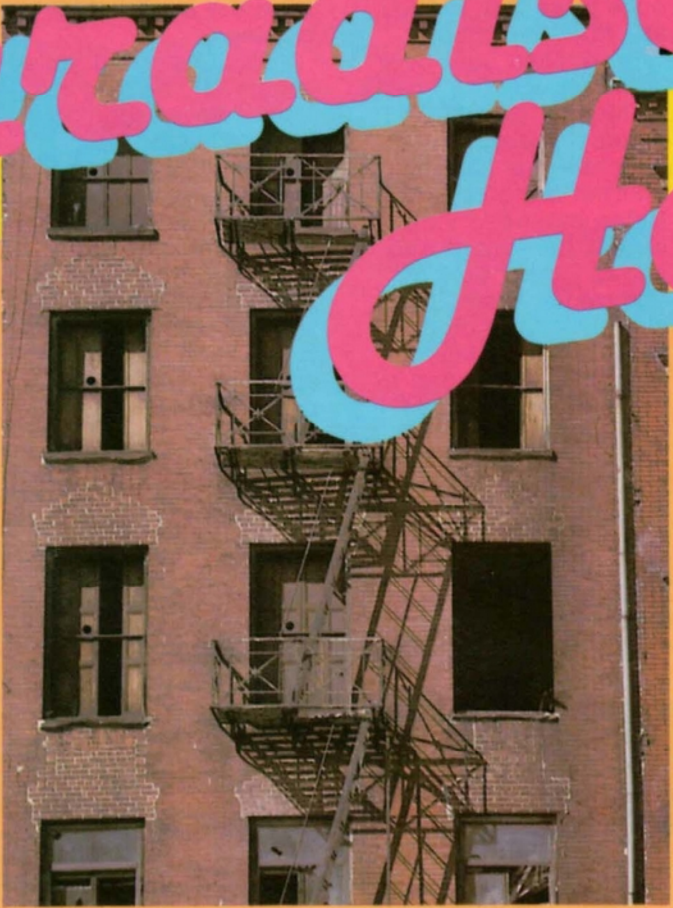

JEREMY


EILEEN


MARIO


HELEN

Paradise Hotel



Peeling his clothes off with a sigh of relief, Jeremy eased himself onto his bed, sighing as his smarting back met the cool satin bedspread. But it was his blistering cock that was bothering him the most. Maybe he could ask Helen to apply the ice there . . . But no, the prissy-lipped old spinster would be bound to have a heart-attack at the thought. Come to think of it, she would be back with the promised ice any second. He'd better cover himself up. Where was his — ?

"Oh, my beautiful baby boy!"

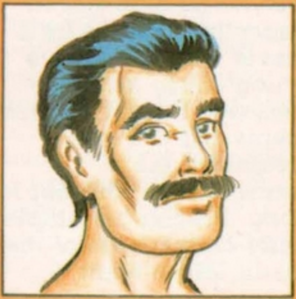
Helen had flung open the door and was approaching with an ice-bucket. Jeremy hastily flung his hands over the family jewels, wincing as unburnt skin touched burnt. What was that look in Helen's eyes? It alarmed him, as did the way she was rolling her eyes and running a long, pointed tongue over her scarlet-painted lips.

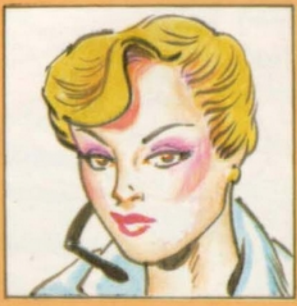
"Come here, my baby. Let Moma see . . ." She prised Jeremy's stiff hands away from his shrivelled parts. "Oh, you poor, *poor* boy," she cooed. "Here . . ."

She rummaged amongst the ice, took a handful and deposited it on Jeremy's chest. He screeched, then quietened as the flesh became numb and the burning sensation stopped. She spread the crushed ice over his chest and stomach, then expertly rolled him over and applied it to his back. Then, taking a fresh handful, she spread it slowly and lingeringly over his buttocks, savouring the taut roundness of them.

"I'm a dirty old woman," Helen told herself gleefully. Here she was with the youth of her dreams beneath her expert and sex-

The story so far . . .
With the psychotherapists' convention drawing closer, nerves are strained, and the staff are getting involved in even more cock-ups than usual. Manager Jeremey has singed himself to a cinder on the sunbed, the proud Mario has shamed himself with an attack of premature ejaculation, and little Eileen is trapped with in a bathroom with the first naked man she has ever seen. Now read on . . .


GEORGE


TINA

by Suzy Wilde

◄29

trated one last time as I felt the sperm shooting out and one absolutely incredible orgasm pumped from my cock.

That was the only time we ever screwed, and although Lisa moved out shortly afterwards I will remember with very pleasant memories the lusty dark girl who gave my cock the greatest pleasure I've experienced so far! – *L.M., Birmingham.*

JOKER

To show his love for his girlfriend, a young man goes out and has her name, Wendy, tattooed onto his penis, so that when he becomes erect, she can plainly see his affection for her.

Then one night, in the toilet of a rough bar, he glances at the appendage of a rather large Rastafarian standing at the urinal next to him. To his shock, he spots the name "Wendy" tattooed in very small letters on the man's organ.

"How do you know Wendy!" he demands, pointing at the other's tattoo.

Glancing down, the Rasta compares the tattooes, smiles and says, "This doesn't say Wendy, it says, Welcome To Jamaica And Have A Nice Day."

Out of Bounds

I hope you will let me tell your readers about a wonderful experience I recently enjoyed with my new girlfriend, Debbie. Debbie is only eighteen, three years younger than I, but experienced far beyond her years. I had been going with her for about a month when it happened.

She is a small sexy blonde with a pretty face and a perfectly developed figure, and I found it difficult to keep my hands off her, even on our first date. On our second night out she let me cuddle her bare breasts, and it was not long after that that she welcomed my fingers in her wet cunt. Naturally I formed the impression that she would be good for more than a feel, and decided that the time was at hand when I could try to fuck her. If I succeeded, Debbie would be by no means the first girl I had been all the way with, but she would be one of the best, I knew that.

And so, on a Saturday evening during the June heatwave I planned to take her to a good country restaurant, and then to seduce her on the way home or back in my flat afterwards. It was a recipe that had worked with girls before, and I believed that Debbie, filled with good food and wine, would be ready to give herself. The omens seemed favourable, but of course I would take nothing for granted. I well understood that I might need all my powers of subtlety and cunning to get my way with her. I equipped myself with what I needed to keep her out of trouble, and went to collect her at her home.

I found her attired in a lovely pink, loose fitting summer dress, and in it she looked cool and fresh and almost too virginal and innocent for the purpose I had in mind for her. I told her I would like to take her for a meal, and as she knew the district better than I, I let her choose where to go. We got into my car and drove off.

The meal did wonders for both of us. When we left the restaurant we were both loving and playful, and back in the car she quickly had her arms round me, and offered me no resistance when I opened the top buttons of her dress. We were both mildly tipsy, I was quite unfit to drive and it was at her suggestion that we left the car for a while and went for an easy walk.

There was a wood behind the restaurant, and being no stranger to the area, Debbie knew that it offered many shady corners where courting couples could linger undisturbed. She told me there was a clearing a little distance from where she used to go as a child with her parents and sisters on picnic outings. She would like to see it again she told me, and so arms about each other we set off amongst the trees to find it. It had grown considerably since she had last been there, she told me, but the grassy patch no bigger than a cottage garden was still there, together with the stream and pool where she used to paddle. It was an ideal spot to be with her, and I knew very well why she had brought me. Her childhood memories had little to do with it.

"It's lovely, isn't it?" she said as she gazed about her. Then she lay down on the warm grass, with her hands folded across her breasts. I lay at her side with an arm supporting her shoulder and turned and lightly kissed her on the cheek. "You're the first boy I've been here with, John," she said as though she felt the need to reassure me. "I'm ever so glad we came, aren't you?"

"Yes," I replied, letting my eyes rove from her face down the length of her body to the hem of her dress. From the way that dress clung to her I could have sworn she wore nothing underneath it. I kissed her forehead and then traced the line of her jaw and neck with the tip of my tongue, and then lifted her hands from her breasts, and replaced them with my own. I began to nibble her ear lobes.

"Aren't you going to kiss me properly?" she asked, evidently growing a little irritated with my messing about. She always could kiss

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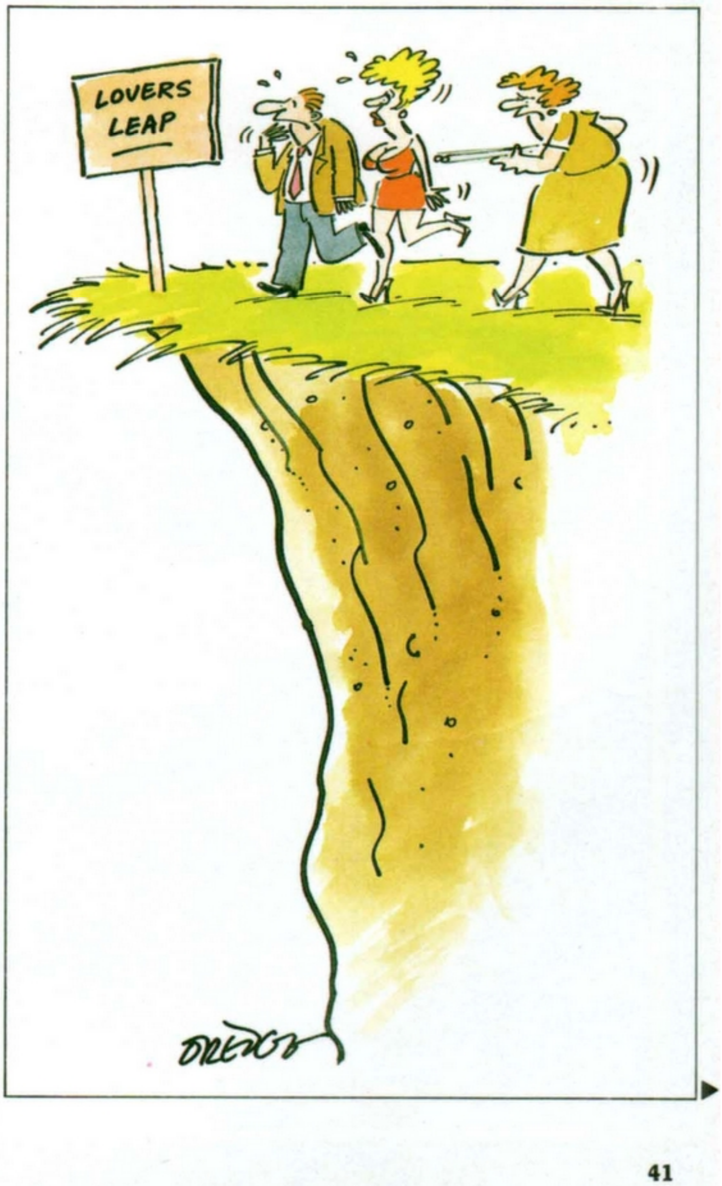


PENPOWER PLUS

◀ 27

a friend of mine was relating her holiday experiences with "one of those firms". (*Isn't censorship great? – Dep Ed*).

After some coaching, she finally admitted to sleeping with two blokes, and added that her friend had been fucked by nine! I saw evidence of this when I happened to spot some polaroids lying about. They showed the two guys, both naked and with stiff cocks and hairy balls, attempting to enter her mouth and vagina.

So any chaps and ladies who have holidayed in these bastions of sun, sea and sex, please take note. I'm sure *Knave* readers would be interested in your exploits. – *I.W., Nottingham.*

It's a good idea I.W. To start it off, why don't you get your lady friend to send us a report, hmm? – Dep Ed.

Lodger Lust

Until recently my wife and I had taken in a student lodger for a few months.

Lisa was in her early twenties and waiting to find student accommodation, so in the meantime she took the spare room and lived in as part of the family. She was a very attractive half-cast girl with long black hair and a full figure. I'd often had sensual thoughts about her but nothing had ever materialised.

My wife Sue often attends meetings around the country as part of her work and on one such occasion was asked to stay in London for a few days. We discussed the situation and I agreed to join her at the hotel over the weekend, to see a few London shows.

I suddenly found myself in the situation where Lisa and myself were to be alone in the house for the first time since she moved in, and I couldn't help wondering what might happen.

On the night before I was due to go to London, Lisa and myself were downstairs watching television when she said she was going to get a bath and then watch a late film. About thirty minutes later she came downstairs dressed in her white dressing gown and sat opposite me. I'd seen her in her dressing gown before, but always when Sue was there.

Lisa looked so appealing and sensual as the white cloth contrasted sharply with her dark skin. Her long, flowing black hair tumbled down her shoulders and her eyes sparkled with delight.

I could hardly take my eyes off her and she knew it. She could see I was feeling uncomfortable and my cock was starting to grow. Every little movement accelerated my heartbeat and I could really feel the strain of my cock pushing up against my trousers.

Without a word she came over from the chair and put her arm around me, telling me that if anything should happen it should be tonight. I could hardly contain myself any longer and just wanted to screw her into the ground.

I slid my tongue into her's and eased her dressing gown from her shoulders. Lisa had the same size tits as Sue but her nipples were absolutely enormous. I could hardly believe the size of them sticking rock hard upright, over an inch in length and covering nearly half of her tit.

I pushed first one tit then the other into my mouth while I felt the hardness of her nipple pushing against the back of my throat.

Every movement of my tongue sent Lisa into a series of moans and groans and she urged me to undo my trousers. As I slid out my stiff cock, her head came down and I watched as it slid effortlessly between her lips and was taken completely into her mouth.

The feeling was unbelievable and it took all my will power not to explode all my sperm in one go. I'd been given plenty of blow jobs in my life, but nothing on the scale of this one. Her large pouting lips grasped my cock to bursting point and manipulated every tiny vein running through it. I watched in absolute ecstasy as her lips hugged my shaft, slowly sliding up and down and pausing every so often to suck just that little bit harder.

I desperately wanted to fuck Lisa but I just couldn't remove my cock from such a heavenly place.

Then she told me to take off her dressing gown completely and slid my hard cock down towards her cunt. Instead of being totally naked she had put on a skimpy pair of see through black knickers which added even more to my excitement. As I slid them down, her mass of thick black pubic hair exposed itself and a lovely pair of soaking wet pussy lips came into view. I just couldn't wait for any further seduction and slid my rod into her gaping cunt lips.

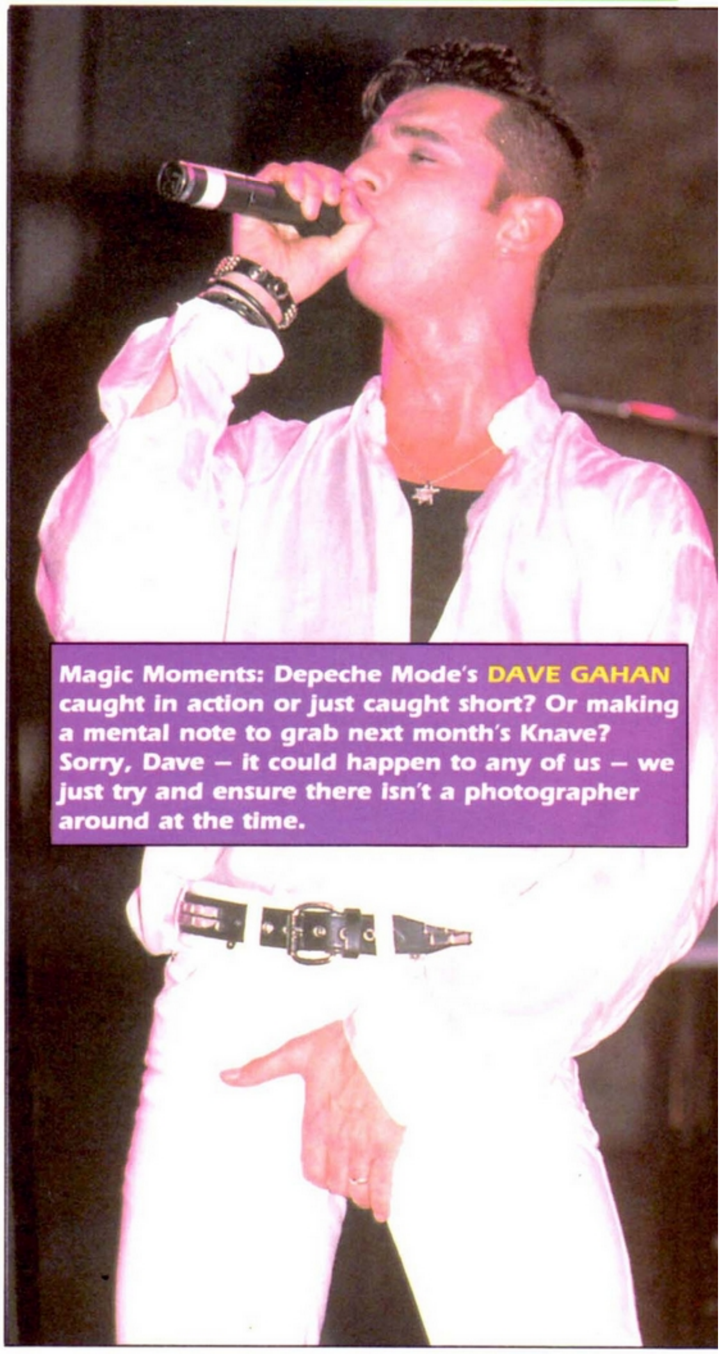
I somehow managed to hold off for a few moments as she built up to a climax, but realised I would never last more than one longing plunge.

Her eyes were wide open, her head thrashed from side to side and her beautiful tits and huge dark nipples pushed into me.

As her strong powerful thighs enveloped my waist and her fairly tight pussy gripped my cock, I could take no more. My cock pene-

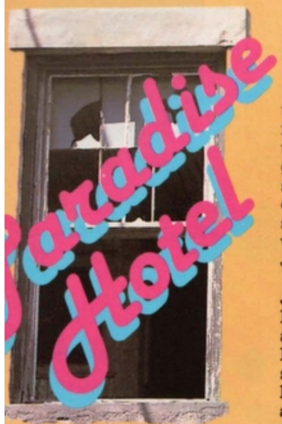
▶ 4

KNIGHT LIFE



Magic Moments: Depeche Mode's DAVE GAHAN caught in action or just caught short? Or making a mental note to grab next month's Knave? Sorry, Dave – it could happen to any of us – we just try and ensure there isn't a photographer around at the time.

Paradise Hotel

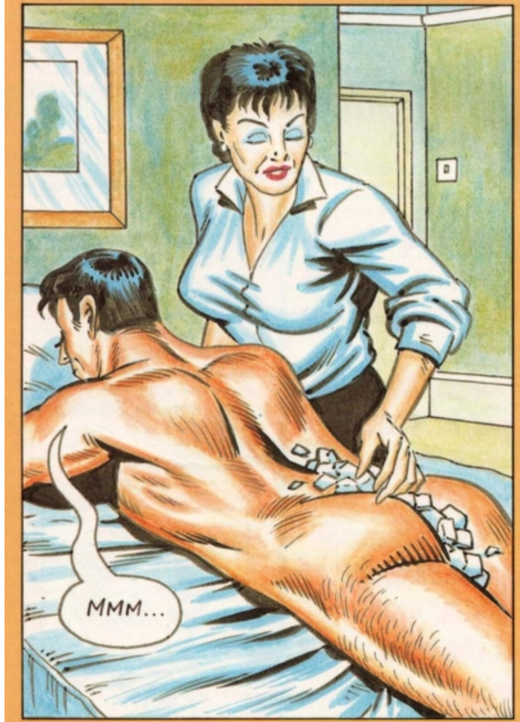


starved fingers. Was she about to let it go to waste, burnt or not? Betcha life she wasn't! Taking more ice from the bucket, she rolled it between Jeremy's buttocks and probed forwards, until her fingers curled around his large, firm, hairless bollocks.

As she touched them, she felt a gush of liquid in the crotch of her sensible cotton knickers. Her mouth ached, her tongue longed to coil itself around that curled up cock of his, making it grow from a snail to a snake. Plunging a hand once more into the ice, she filled her mouth with it, then bent over Jeremy's scorched parts.

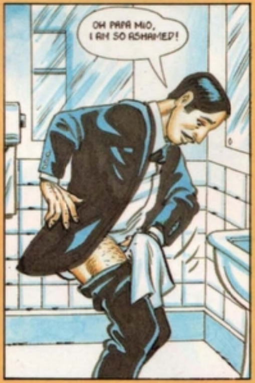
"Mmm!" sighed Jeremy appreciatively. Numbing his balls with another handful of ice, Helen extended long scarlet fingernails and began slowly tickling and raking them. Then she placed her chilled mouth over Jeremy's limp dick and began to lick him with an iced and skilful tongue.

"What a *big* boy you are!" she mumbled through her mouthful as Jeremy's cock began to respond to treatment. He felt no pain as, guiding his hand up her stockings and into the leg of her panties, she began to thrust her painted lips rhythmically up and down his recovering rod.



In the Gents toilets nearest the hotel restaurant, Mario was dolefully wiping spunk from the inside of his trousers.

"Oh papa mio, I am so ashamed!" he said out loud. "Never should a healthy Italian boy shoota his sperma too soon for his amorata!" As he commenced the cleansing of his prick with a wad of toilet paper moistened under the hot tap, he realised it felt good. He wiped and massaged some more. He was growing hard again. Some more . . . and suddenly the mirror over the washbasin was whitewashed with a second fountain of Italian spunk. He shook his head dolefully. "Musta be all that spaghetti," he told himself. "I shall eat potatoes."


OH PAPA MIO, I AM SO ASHAMED!

Upstairs, Eileen, the little Titian haired Irish chambermaid with the fresh country complexion and enormous milk-white knockers, was facing her first ever sexual dilemma.

"Do you know what to do with a prick?" the naked hotel guest had asked her. She had shaken her head and now he was showing her!

"You take it like this," he said, placing his thumb on the rim of his glans and cupping the rest of his fingers round it. "Then you move your hand like this." He began to jiggle his hand up and down.

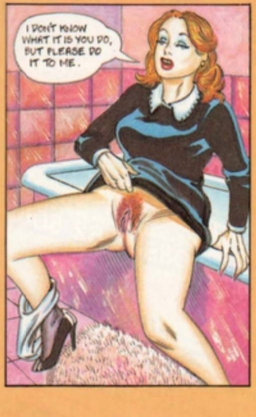
Eileen's blue eyes were like saucers. She knew she ought to go. Maria, her stern Portuguese boss, would be stalking the corridors, wondering where she had got to. She would get into trouble . . . *Not half as much trouble as if you stay here*, whispered the voice of her conscience, but Eileen refused to listen. What the man was doing was much more interesting. It was real life. This was a secret world, the world of what men did when women weren't around. Maybe this was the male equivalent of what she did to herself beneath the bedclothes, under her nightie.

"Now you try it," the man said, taking his hand off his penis and replacing it with Eileen's.

"But . . . but I don't know how to," she protested.

He placed his hand over hers and showed her how to move it. Then he let go. Up-down, up-down, up-down-up-down, faster, faster. The man began to pant, and so did Eileen. Strange things were happening to her. Suddenly, she felt as if this hard thing shouldn't be enclosed in her hand, but inside her body.

No! He's not George! she reminded herself. But George wasn't here. Maybe he didn't even fancy her. Maybe he'd never want to put his thing inside her. She released her grip on the penis and the man grumbled his exasperation. But not for long. Placing her ample bum on the edge of the bath, Eileen leant backwards, exposing her snowy-white throat, her auburn hair tumbling down her shoulders, and yanked at the black uniform skirt she was wearing.


I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS YOU DO, BUT PLEASE DO IT TO ME.

"I don't know what it is that you do, but please do it to me," she begged.

She tugged at her tights and knickers, pulling them down and spreading her plump, satiny thighs. With a grunt of excitement, the man took his purple, bloated dick in both hands and plunged it to the hilt in her virginal ginger minge.

Eileen moaned as she felt her vagina stretch for the first time to accommodate a man — then the next moment she was rocking, jerking and bucking like a wild thing, her legs trembling, her hand convulsively clutching at the edge of the bath as her very first penis-induced climax carried her away.

Her orgasmic screams had not gone unheard. Thinking a guest had been taken ill, Maria had rushed down the corridor and into the bedroom of Mr Sidney Stone, a sportswear rep. from Cumberland. Hearing two voices, she had paused. Seeing the bathroom door open a crack, she had peeped — and now she was preparing to act . . .

At the switchboard, Tina was listening to an outgoing call with rapt attention.

"What colour knickers are you wearing?" asked the man's voice.

"What's your favourite colour?" purred the woman.

"White," the man replied. It was one of the guests . . . but which one? The call was coming from room 138. But that wasn't supposed to be occupied yet. The organiser of the psychotherapists' convention was due to check into it that afternoon.

"Just picture me," said the woman, "I'm lying on the bed. A shaft of sunlight is shining through the window —"

"Right up your fanny," supplied the man.

"Yes, that's right. I'm warm and comfortable and feeling very horny without you, my darling. I'm trying to stop them, but my fingers keep straying inside my panties."

"Go on, go on," panted the man.

"Ooh, I've just found my little clitty and it seems to be getting bigger. I'm licking my fingers now and putting them —"

Brr-brr. Brr-brr. Damn! Just getting interesting and someone wants a fucking line, cursed Tina. She put them through, the decided to take a break and dart across to Reception and sneak a look in the book. Maybe Dr. Helmut had already checked in . . . But no, room 138 was still supposedly vacant. Then she looked at the board; the key was gone . . .

The hotel's basement swimming pool was empty except for two girls. George the lifeguard knew one of them. He had invited her to use the pool any time, even though she wasn't staying at the hotel. That was raven-haired Rachel. George had had her and she'd been good, but she'd lacked something. She was too, well, ordinary, and George was into the unusual and the bizarre.

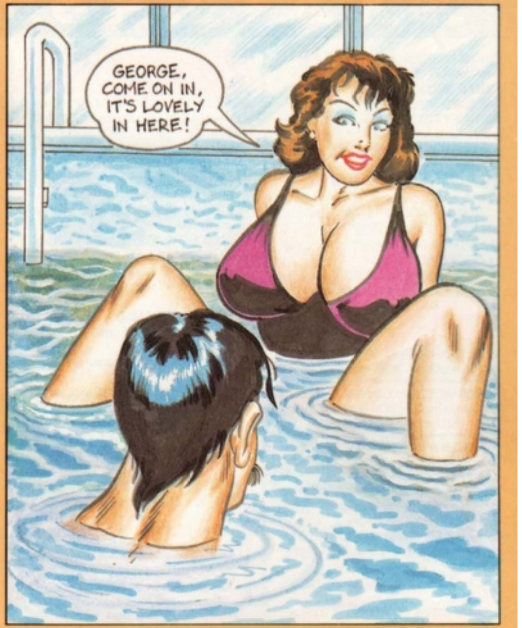
Now, Rachel's mate with the brown curly hair was something else. George had never seen quite so much flesh packed into a swimsuit before. The shoulderstraps cut deeply into her prize fighter's shoulders, straining to hold up the weight of two mountainous tits whose nipples were squashed inwards by the taut pull of blue lycra, which also corseted the giantess's stomach and acted as a bum-bra for the flobber packed inside it.

Nothing could disguise the massive, mottled thighs and dimpled knees, though. And that cleavage! George felt his rod twitch inside his miniscule briefs at the thought of the tit-wank she could give. But how was he ever going to get that swimsuit off her? Rachel was a jealous bitch, he had already found that out.

She was beckoning to him now. "George, George, come on in, it's lovely in here!"

It would be lovely in *there*, George thought, visualising the molten feasts that lay hidden between Rachel's friend's thighs. Feeling his prick twitch to near-upright mode, he rapidly dived into the deep end . . . and found himself surfacing between a pair of spread legs. Extremely large spread legs, and above him a giant blue lycra blubberball. And what was this? Scrabbling fingers dragging at his swimming trunks? Had he hit his head on the bottom of the pool, died and gone to Heaven?

What fate are the girls planning for George? Maria is too late to prevent Eileen's deflowering, but will she stop Sidney's ejaculation? Just who is making filthy phone calls from room 138? Find out in the next episode of Paradise Hotel in next month's Knave!


GEORGE, COME ON IN, IT'S LOVELY IN HERE!

PENPOWER PLUS

◀ 41

well, and when thoroughly excited as she seemed to be already, her kisses sometimes drove me wild. It happened this time, and as our tongues darted to and fro in each other's mouths, my hands went out of control and began to strip off her dress, until she was almost naked. Then I took a nipple in my mouth and sucked on it, drawing it out and stiffening it until it stood up like a little acorn; and as I did this, I plunged my fingers into her cunt, which seemed ready to devour them.

I played down there for some minutes, dividing my time between her clitoris and an exploration of her vagina. One finger, two, three and then four fingers disappeared inside her, and that confirmed what I already knew, namely that she was no virgin.

"Make love to me, John – properly," she said. I had been erect ever since I took her in my arms in the car, and I was dying to get into her for the relief that comes from the feeling of a hot vagina on a gorged cock. "You've done it before, haven't you? It's not your first time, is it?" she asked. I wondered what shortcoming she had noticed in my technique to make her ask that? I managed to convince her that I had had plenty of girls before her, which was perhaps an exaggeration, but broadly true.

What happened then took only a little longer in practice than it takes to tell. I dropped my trousers, put a French letter on, crouched between her firm thighs, placed my hands under her buttocks and lifted them well clear of the ground, and then with one swift movement drove into her, up to my pubic hairs. That would show her that I was not a novice at the game. She gasped as she felt me suddenly fill her, and then the gasps quickly turned to moans as I followed my dramatic entry with a volley of deep thrusts. When she had come, I lowered her arse to the ground, brought her legs round my middle, then fucked her in this more traditional fashion until I came myself and she came a second time.

For me it had been an exquisite experience, one of the best I have ever had, and I was overjoyed that she too was happy and satisfied. I have not found all girls easy to please, but with Debbie that night I had no difficulty. The act, however, following an over indulgence in good food and wine, had exhausted us. All we wanted to do when I had withdrawn and discarded the soaking condom, was to lie passively in each other's arms. I think we both dozed off for a minute or two. "I think we'd better go, it's getting late," she said eventually, and so we struggled to our feet and gathered ourselves together. I could have stayed with her all night, but I knew that was not possible. "Do you want to go do it again – a quickie behind the hedge?" I asked hopefully on the way home. She beamed at me. "Some other time, I promise," she replied. "Tomorrow?" "All right, tomorrow, but you must get me home now."

In bed that night I dreamt about her. She was lying naked on the grass with her legs widely spread, showing me her plump cunt lips, covered with a soft hairy down, just as she had shown them to me in reality a few hours earlier. – *J.B.C., Lancs.*

Long Hair Lover

The magazine has done very well recently with long haired beauties, for example Stacia in Vol 21 No. 8 and Mickee Brand in the Christmas issue. Though it's a pity, in the latter case, that there was no picture that showed the full splendour of her hair.

Do keep up the good work and let us see more of these ravishing beauties. It's a deliciously warming thought, to be wrapped up in that long silken hair. – *R.H., Norfolk.*

KNIGHT LIFE

Some people have stardom thrust upon them, other stars thrust things out. Take EDY WILLIAMS here, for example. Whoever she is!

Gift Horse In The Mouth

Who says that truth is stranger than fiction? Well, I do for a start, because every word I'm going to tell you is gospel. I'm not moaning when I say that I haven't got much going for me, for that, again, is the truth. When you are of Caribbean stock, as I am; when you are fit, hard, 21 and horny, as I am; when you try to do your damnest to steer clear of crime and drugs, as I do; when you haven't got a trade and are unemployed, again as I am; when you are all of these things and a white guy you've never clapped eyes on before asks you straight out to fuck his wife, then I bet you'd think it was Christmas, Easter and your birthday all rolled into one. You'd say to yourself, as I did, "Sid – don't look a gift horse in the mouth!"

This happened to me a month ago. It began in the poshest hotel for miles around, and in the Gents loo of all places. My only reason for being in the place, was that I had an interview for a porter's job, which, needless to say, I didn't get. But it accounts for why I was in my best bib and tucker and all spruced up instead of my usual scruffy jeans.

It was three in the afternoon and the hotel manager arranged for me to pick up my expenses. He was generous, so I went to one of the hotel's luxury lounges to see just how the other half live.

▶ 5

PENPOWER PLUS

◀49

Hell, even at that time of day, you should've seen the talent – expense account tarts and the like, all escorted, unfortunately.

Anyway, I had a lager – man, the price I paid for it! Then I went to sample the toilet. A man stood in the next stall to me. He was a short, fat guy, nattily dressed, and in his early 60's. After a while I noticed that he was staring intently at my cock. I have to say it, but if I have one asset at all, then it is my prick. I've got a big 'n' thick one – 7 and a half inches slack, and a bit over ten when I'm stiff, which is quite often. I was just about to give the nosey sod a piece of my lip when he started to apologise in an embarrassed fashion. There was a long pause during which he seemed to be plucking up the courage to say something. Then he came right out with it. In one of those lah-de-dah accents he stutteringly exclaimed, "I . . . I . . . I think that my wife would . . . would . . . like you to give her . . . what you've got . . . down there . . ." His face was bright red and he kept glancing over his shoulder to make sure that we were alone.

To tell you the truth, the biggest problem was keeping a straight face, then it slowly dawned on me that he was deadly serious. I remember telling myself that this was something from a novel. He started to talk again, this time in a more assured manner, "Can we discuss this over a drink?" he said. A few minutes later I was chatting with the guy, and he was telling me how much he'd pay me to screw his wife. I thought that she would be his age, with tits down to her knees. Money or no money, I could not see myself being a toy boy to a woman forty years my senior.

I stalled a little and got his name out of him. He was a "Mr. Dobson." I asked him where his wife was and he told me that they had a suite of rooms in the hotel. He asked if he could give her a ring on the phone to get her to come down. I had nothing much to lose so I gave him the nod and off he went. A few minutes later, he came back looking relieved and assured. He could hardly keep the excitement from his voice, "She'll be down in a few minutes. She said she'd love to meet you."

He kept on looking towards the doors of the lounge. A few people came and went. Suddenly he put his hand on my arm and when he spoke there was an excited ring in his voice, "Here she is, Sid, here she is – the tall red-head in green." I saw her alright, and I was near to whistling under my breath – it would have been a whistle of appreciation and admiration. Mrs. Dobson was simply gorgeous, right out of the top drawer, and in my book she'd have got ten out of ten in every category you could mention.

She wasn't all that much older than myself, about 25, and she just sauntered across the room to us. I was willing to bet that every pair of eyes in the room were focussed on her. She had a near perfect figure, breasts perhaps a trifle over large, but that's not a drawback in men's eyes, is it? She was a little over average height for a woman, but the very picture of poise and grace. Her dress fitted her like a glove, and there didn't seem to be much under it except for skin. We were introduced, and right from the start it was "Sid" and "Jo." Hell, her husband wanted to pay me for fucking her? We shook hands and gazed into each other's eyes. Her hands were slender and delicate, her nails were long, pointed and scarlet – they looked so pale and small in my own great, black mitts.

She hoisted herself onto a high stool between her husband and myself. I think that her dress was made of silk, I'm not sure but there was a soft hissing sound when she crossed one thigh over the other – it was like a second skin over her hips and bum and there was not even a suggestion of a panty line. Her stockings (or tights) were a sort of silvery, shining lurex – a sandal with very high heels, the same shade as her dress, dangled from her foot.

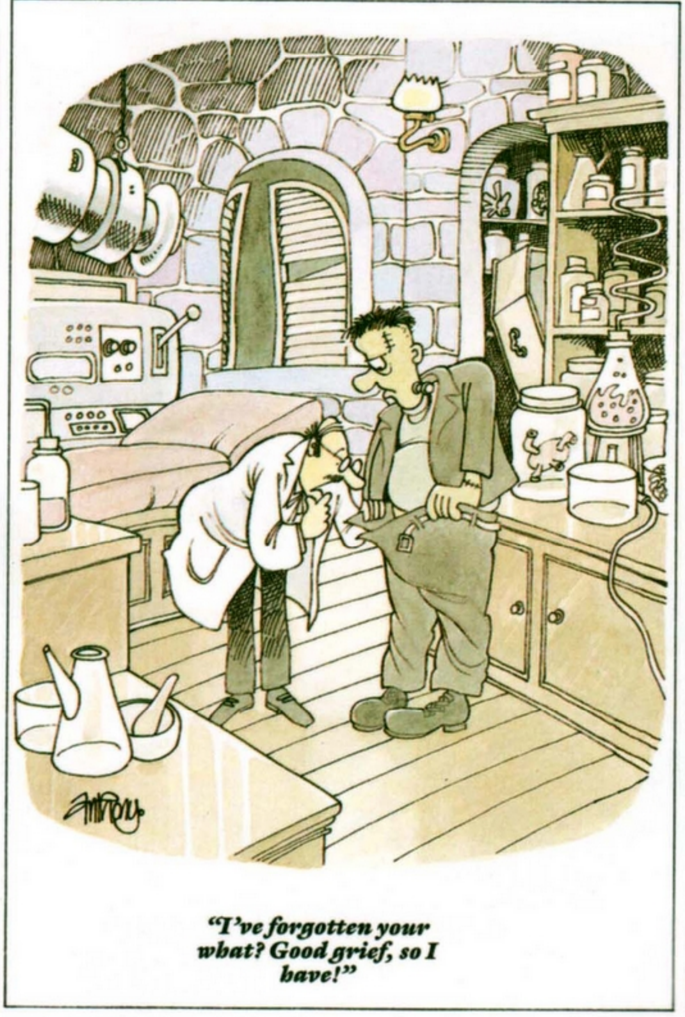
From the start, she was very intimate. She referred to her husband as Tony and ran her hand up my arm from the wrist to the bicep. Then she gripped my muscles and cooed in my ear, "Ooh, I like my men to have muscles . . and, ooh, you seem to have plenty. Tony told me such nice things about you, Sid, and Sid . . . it's going to be lovely finding out if they're all true." She leaned toward me and, oh man, those tits!

That dress plunged down almost to her navel, and both her boobs were on the point of spilling out. Even the under-curves of her breasts were on show. I took a deep breath. She heard me and chuckled, "Would you like to take them out for an airing Sid?" she asked. She tickled my ear-lobe with her tongue and continued, "I love a man to hold them."

I'd never known a woman like her before. She was a paradox – she flaunted her body and oozed sex appeal, yet at no time did she look even remotely cheap or common. However, she was constantly full of promise and availability. She took my hand and placed it in her own and then put it on her upper thigh. My cock jerked in my slacks. She didn't miss that. She let her hand fall down between us and her knuckles brushed my prick. Just for a second her lips parted and she ran her tongue round them.

She turned her hand round and stroked my cock with her fingers. I allowed my prick to jump deliberately. She gasped and then her eyes glazed over and I saw her breasts move as her breathing quickened. Then she turned to me and blew me a kiss. She gripped my cock in the palm of her hand for the briefest of moments and I heard her whisper,

▶ 7



"I've forgotten your what? Good grief, so I have!"

Back With A Bang!

Back before sexually transmitted diseases became fatal, a lot of people rose to fame thanks to their bedroom exploits. Xaviera Hollander is a perfect example; from call-girl to the best selling author of *The Happy Hooker*, her life has had many ups and downs. We sent PUSSY HAMPTON off to ask her a few probing questions . . .

In the early seventies, Xaviera Hollander, also known as 'The Happy Hooker', rocked the world back on its heels with her book of the same name. It dominated the bestseller lists for months with its blow-by-blow account of the author's elevation, (in the short space of three years) from humble secretary at the Dutch Embassy to Madam of the highest-paid Call Girl network in New York.

As the old joke goes . . . "She may have done wrong . . . but she didn't do bad."

Perks of the position (seldom solely missionary) were that she could indulge her own considerable passions and distinctly catholic tastes.

"I had the women I loved working for me — I had my affairs with some of those — and I had the men, whom I could manipulate and dominate. Plus I could get them to pay for my favours. I wasn't being used and abused any more."

Nearly twenty years on, Xaviera ("it rhymes with riviera") may have retired from the oldest profession, but the spin-offs from her experiences continue to support a jet-set lifestyle which includes luxury homes in both her native Amsterdam and in the posher part of Spain's prestigious Costa del Sol.

For the past eighteen years ("almost since the publication started") she has been acting as the sexsationally uninhibited Agony Aunt for 'Penthouse' Magazine.

"Not in England, by the way, because I find it (the mag) a bit sleazy here. But in America and Australia — which has three different versions, X-rated, R-rated and explicit (no prizes for guessing which one contains Xaviera's particular pearls of wisdom), Germany — very tame, you can't even say you like to spank your wife on the bottom, which almost every German likes to do, and Holland — all out, I can say anything, as long as it's tasteful, about any subject I like — except paedophiles and animals."

Many of the questions, she says, are still on the theme of . . . "is my cock big enough?"

As an expert in her field, Ms Hollander has been known to present papers at sex-therapy conferences and has lectured to housewives, rotary club members, law students and what she calls 'military boys'.

During a recent Q and A session she was asked . . . again . . . "Is the size of the prick important for your orgasm?" Her answer? "Well, I like a prick with personality. I don't mind a good stiff big one, you know, as long as it's got a good mushroom head on it." At this point she was interrupted by a sexologist accusing her of giving the male members (ouch) an inferiority complex. Xaviera was quick to assure them that they'd got hold of the wrong end of the joy-stick. "It's not the gun that's important," she quipped, "but the gunner."

Another flourishing enterprise is her telephone councilling line, on which she claims to be able to, "Talk anyone off in three minutes." While the TV chat show she is due to host and for which she is shortly to make a pilot programme will, "Hopefully go all over the world in English." Prospective interviewees include millionaire business man and musician, Freddie Heineken (revealing to the interested public how to reach the parts etc? . . .), and Yves Montand, recently re-married to a much younger woman and a father again at 68. The content of the programme will be sentimental rather than salacious. "I want to talk to people about their emotions and their feelings."

Which just goes to prove that Ms H not only epitomises the proverbial tart (ex) with a heart, she also possesses a considerable business brain.

It wasn't always so.

"I like sex. When I was young I was always giving it away for free or for an orange juice (she doesn't drink or smoke — two out of three?). I was a bit of a nymphomaniac — always looking for Mr Right."

She is, in fact, still a sucker for romance. A hot and heavy affair with an American, who promised marriage but never delivered, led her to the States, scene of her meteoric rise to notoriety. When they split up, she used her qualifications ("At 18 I was the best Secretary in Holland.") and her respectable family background (her late father was a successful Doctor) to secure a job at the Dutch Consulate. She quickly gained the name 'The Flying Dutchgirl' because of her enthusiastic cruising of the Big Apples's single bars.

"In those days there was no herpes, no Aids, sex was free, I never even used rubbers or anything. One day I was sitting in Charlie O's bar, I think it was, and a very pretty girl I'd noticed before there said . . . 'You're spoiling my business, screwing around with those guys. You're sitting on a goldmine, honey. I'm getting paid for what I do, you're giving it away, you stupid cunt.'"

So an enjoyable hobby became

Any Way You Want Me

Sex. It's a funny old business. After all, there are only a few ways of doing it without pulling a major muscle, or risking arrest or prosecution by ROSPA. Or are there? We asked ANALISE BOND to do some investigating . . .

I've always found bathrooms really erotic. Don't ask me why. A few years ago, I shared a basement flat in one of those huge old mansion blocks in Maida Vale, London, with Victoria. She was this really stiff, upright teacher and we didn't have too much in common, or so I thought. But more about that later.

Anyway, the heating pipes for the block ran under the bathroom floorboards and you could walk barefoot in there and feel the heat coming up through the carpet. The room was very big, and there was nothing more sensual than making love on that warm floor all that winter with my boyfriend, Mark.

The bathroom was huge and the two of us could lie in our favourite '69' position. No, that doesn't mean he had to come sixty-nine times, or that we had to find all those different ways of screwing!

The '69' is when you lie on your sides, facing each other so's your mouths and tongues can caress one another's genitals. Mark had an expert tongue. He could make me squirm and writhe with the lightest touch.

Our foreplay consisted entirely of us caressing each other in this way. I'd begin by gently tickling his glans, marvelling at the way his pecker would become stiff as iron in a matter of seconds.

Slowly, my tongue would slide downwards, following his column, along that smooth velvety skin, until it reached his balls. Then I'd quickly run my tongue up and down his manhood before enveloping his cock in my mouth.

Meanwhile, Mark'd be building me up to a frenzy by just using the barest touch; slowly making small circular motions on my clit with his tongue.

As he aroused me to fever pitch, my own mouth would be kneading up and down his prick. The two of us would be grinding to the same rhythm.

The '69' is probably *the best* method for oral sex because a couple can arouse each other equally without trying to get into any funny contortions.

Mark seemed to know how to control my orgasm simply by listening to my panting.

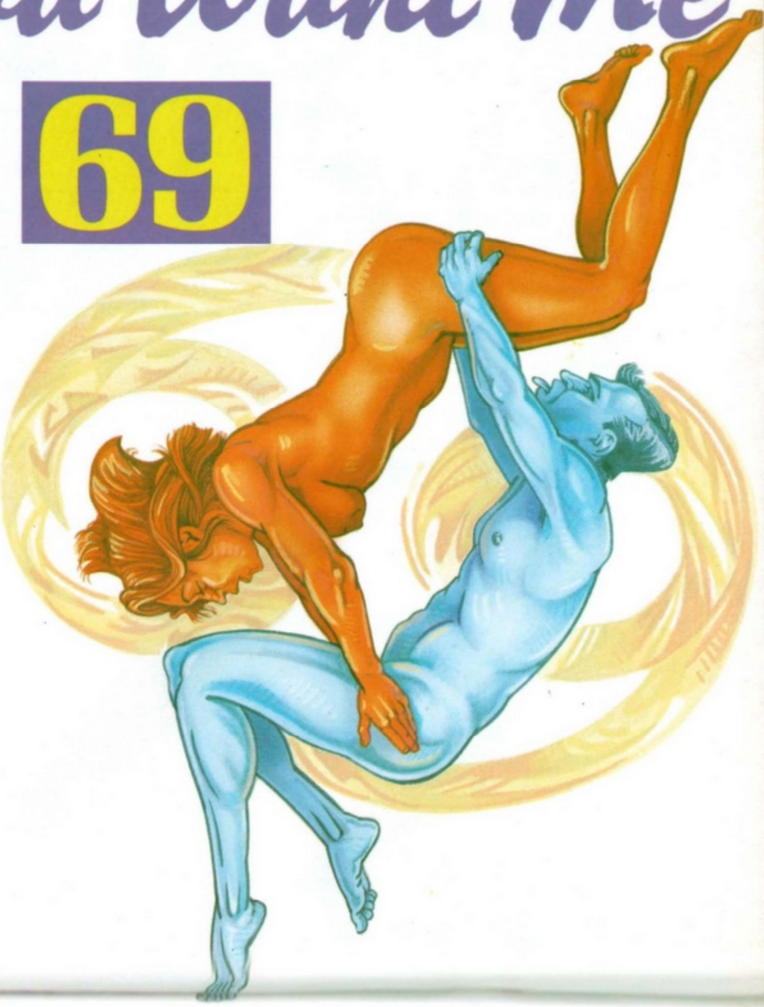
One time, as soon as he sensed I was about to come, he lifted me into his arms and carried me over to the shower cubicle.

The powerful jets of water only served to intensify my longing to feel his manhood inside me. As he ground his weapon into my cunt, I felt spasm after spasm overtake me.

I had to hold onto Mark for support as he rammed himself deeper and deeper into me. But, as I climaxed, I experienced something else: stars before my eyes.

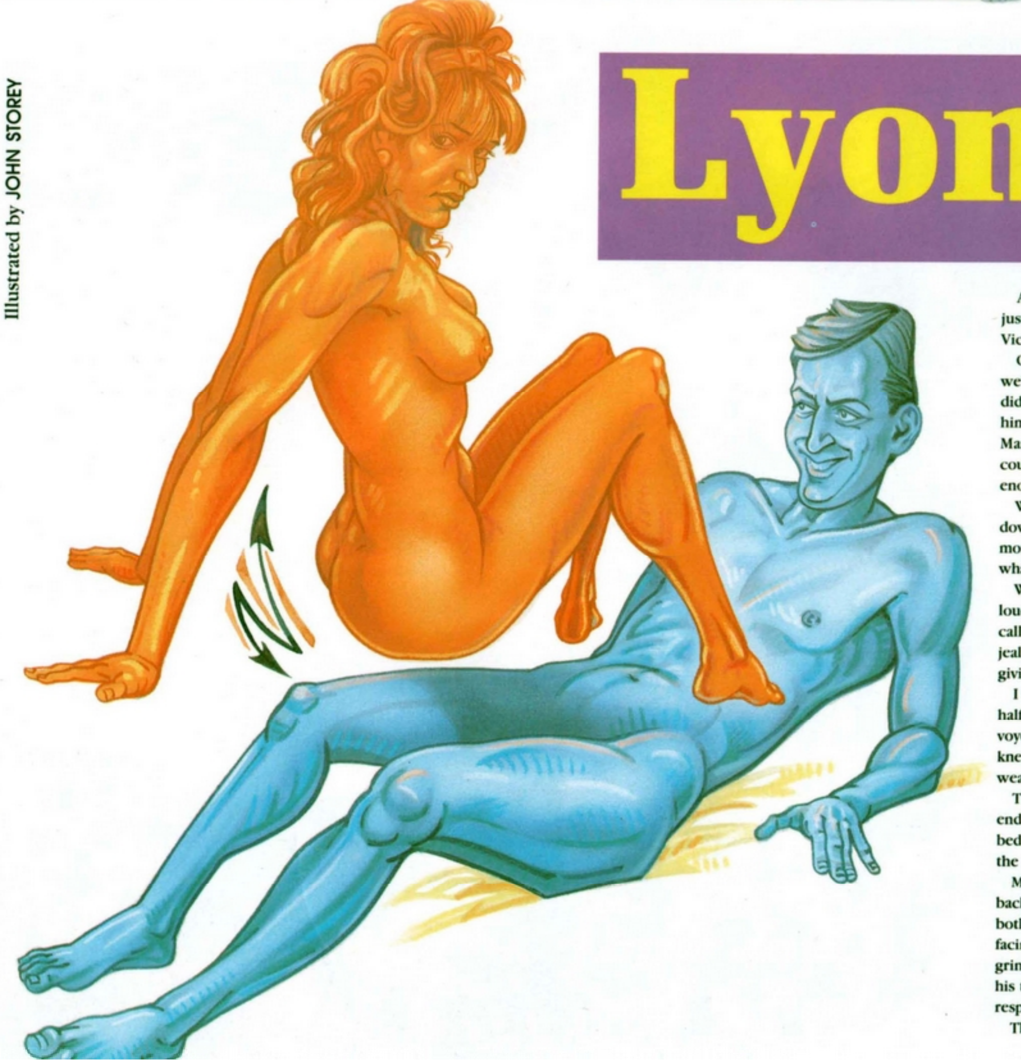
Mark had to tell me the story from there. Apparently, what with the steam from the hot water and our lovemaking, I'd got so carried away I'd passed out in his arms just before he ejaculated. Lifting me up bodily, he'd carried me out of the bathroom, both of us naked and his hard on displayed for everyone to see!

69



Illustrated by JOHN STOREY

Lyons



And who should come home just then! Yes, my flatmate Victoria.

Of course, she sussed what we'd been up to. Mark says she didn't turn a hair, but helped him carry me into my bedroom. Mark sensed that Victoria couldn't take her eyes off his enormous prick.

Without prompting she knelt down and took his dick into her mouth, anxious to finish off what I'd started!

When I awoke, it was to hear loud moans coming from my so-called prudish flatmate. Was I jealous! There was Victoria giving Mark a blow job!

I watched in half-horror and half-amazement, feeling like a voyeur. It didn't take her long to knead the love cream out of his weapon.

Things just went wild then. It ended up with the three of us in bed together in a variation of the Lyons position.

Mark was lying flat on his back whilst Victoria and I were both sitting on top of him, facing each other. His prick was grinding into my vagina whilst his tongue was coaxing a big response out of Victoria's clit.

The Lyons position when performed by just two people can get very tricky. The man should hold the woman around the waist as she rides him, otherwise he might do himself a nasty injury if she should fall off in mid-gallop!

Mark was in his element with two women to appease. Victoria and I were making enough noise between us to wake the dead. And I remember thinking how I'd never seen my flatmate in the nude before and what big tits she had. They were waving about freely as she ground herself ferociously into Mark's face.

I came first, and no sooner had I dismounted from my lover when Victoria wanted him all to herself.

I watched as she expertly teased his prick back to life and then climbed onto him again, this time so he could penetrate deep into her vagina.

I spent another four months in that flat, but Victoria and I never ever reached that same sort of intimacy again. In fact, she didn't mention that day at all.

What would you do if you got home and found a man with a huge hard on carrying the lifeless form of your flatmate out of the bathroom?

Victoria didn't hesitate.

Whenever I practise either the '69' or Lyons now, I can't help remembering that day.

PENPOWER PLUS

◄51

"Yes, oh, yes." Again she gripped my prick, this time a stifled groan escaped her lips. In a breathless whisper, she turned to her husband and said, "I'm going now, Tony darling . . . correction, *we're* going now. Oh, and Tony, it might take a long, long time."

Without a backward glance to her husband, we strolled over the deep carpeted lounge, through its doors and up to the lift. She pressed one of the floor buttons and then she was in my arms, pressing her breasts against my chest and rubbing her crotch across my bulge. In a breathless fashion she whispered, "Sid, oh Sid, I want it darling . . . I want your cock . . . I want fucking . . . I want to be fucked hard . . . very, very hard . . . oh, you're so stiff . . ." She was right, my cock was as hard as an iron bar. We kissed like there was no tomorrow. She had her arms round my neck, and my hands were on the cheeks of her arse, pulling her even closer onto my throbbing prick.

We almost ran from the lift to the door of their suite. Once inside, it was like being in another world – I've never known such opulence and luxury. She took my hand and hurried me into the bedroom. The bed was huge. It stood like a throne in the middle of the room. She stood with her back to it, her eyes were shiny with excitement and her cheeks were flushed pink. I made a move towards her but she shook her head, "No, Sid, you just stand there and watch, this is for you." At this, she put her hands behind her neck and gave a quick tug at some sort of fastner. Her dress fell to the floor and she stood before me in lurex stockings and nothing else.

She was simply beautiful, her tits were superb – full and ripe with no sign of a sag in them, with prominent nipples already puckered. Her tummy was flat and her legs, thighs and buttocks all softly rounded. But it was her cunt that made me almost paw the ground to get at her. You see, her pussy was totally devoid of pubic hair. I had never been with a woman who had a shaved cunt. There were even beads of juice sparkling on her pussy lips. When she spoke, there was a hint of shyness in her voice, "Do you like what you see, Sid?" For a moment I was almost lost for words and I just nodded dumbly. She slowly moved over to where I stood. We looked at each other for what seemed like an age, she had lovely eyes, hazel and flecked.

We were very close to one another, a foot apart perhaps. Her hand went to the bulge of my cock at the very moment mine went to squeeze her tits. She didn't say a word, but there was a dreamy look in her eyes when she groped me. I lifted, fondled and rotated her boobs. I bent down and popped one of her nipples into my mouth. I could feel it growing as I licked and sucked on it. Her fingers pulled down my zip and unbuckled my belt. Then her cool hand lifted and pulled out my prick. I was still just semi-hard. I heard her gasp, she sort of half-whispered, "Big . . . oh so big." She started to move her hand up and down my length, the other tugged at my shirt buttons. In no time at all I was naked as she was herself.

She ran her hands over my chest and shoulders, her eyes were half closed as she whispered, "So black, Sid . . . so strong . . . so . . ." then she whimpered as she gently pushed my hands from her tits and started to slip to her knees before me. I moved my thighs wide apart. My cock was like a cannon. She took it in her two hands and then her mouth was over it until I was engulfed by those rich, moist lips. With one hand she pulled back the foreskin as she fed my cock deeper and deeper into her gob. In it went, over her tongue and down her throat. I felt her jaws moving, and I could feel my prick rasping along the back of her throat. She sucked on my cock for a full minute before I could feel the spunk boiling up in my balls. I took her hair in my hands and gently pulled her face from my cock.

She gave my tip one last kiss and glanced up at me. Her lips were shiny and moist. I could see traces of her lipstick on my cock. A small blob of saliva fell from her mouth and onto her chin. Her eyes were veiled as though she were a million miles away. Jo stood up and put her arms round my neck.

► 107

Girl Of The Year

In Knave Vol. 21 No. 8 you at last produced the absolute ideal in Stacia, a truly lovely girl with that fantastic long hair which we only seem to see about once in a decade.

The problem is. can we see her again? Can we get more long-haired girls like Stacia. as they are very few and far between. For now. I vote for Stacia as girl of the year. – *R.C.R.. Norfolk.*

Back With A Bang!

a lucrative sideline for the twenty year old typist. "Working for various Madams to compensate for my lousy salary. I did my business in the afternoon, changed my clothes, got on my bike and came back, sometimes rather dishevelled!"

Eventually, "Some jealous old bitch," had her phone tapped. "Of course we never talked money in those days, it was always champagne or chocolates, but she finally found out my card system, my clients, and I got fired. Even though I had an affair with the Ambassador, I realised then, never to depend on the Company thing, because if there's only one to go . . . it's the secretary!"

The "old bitch" inadvertantly did her the best favour of her professional life. Necessity being the mother of invention, within two years of, "Moving about and extending," she was the hottest item in New York, with the classic Park Avenue pad and a client list that read like an entry to 'Who's Who'.

" I had a FABULOUS telephone number that I bought for 10,000 dollars from a leaving South African Madam, which was MU8 — 8-2468 — the number to call when you want to get laid!"

During this time she met Robin Moore — who wrote 'The French Connection' — and 'The Happy Hooker' was born. The contract was conceived, "In the middle of the whore-house in the middle of the night," and validated by her lawyer ("still my lawyer after all these years") who, co-incidentally was also a client. Suspicions had been aroused when Moore booked several expensive sessions without taking advantage of any of the 'facilities' on offer, preferring Xaviera to simply talk to him. Those suspicions were confirmed when she 'checked him out' one evening and discovered a pocket tape recorder about his person.

"I said — you bastard, you want my story, you make a contract. You PAY."

Caught with his figurative trousers down, Moore hired journalist Yvonne Donleavy to ghost the book with Xaviera. The original idea, his publishing contacts and the inspired title — which his protege hated . . . preferring 'Come and Go' — were Moore's contribution to the book. When he wanted his name above Hollander's on the dustjacket, she was quick to put him straight.

"I have always been commercial minded, it's maybe my Jewish-Dutch background. I said, look honey, it's absolutely silly for an old fart like you to go on television and promote a 'Happy Hooker' business. I am the one who did it, and I have all the anecdotes (she does to). If anybody asks me I can just open up a drawer in my memory and come up with new stories every day. So it's MY name in big and Robin Moore in small."

"In this day and age, the only thing you can get from a phone is 'hearing aids.'"

The resulting 'masterpiece' sold seventeen million copies (48 printings) in the U.S. alone, thus ensuring that this particular 'happy hooker' never had to turn a trick again.

The book has been equally successful worldwide.

After twenty years of promising her mother not to publish in Holland, the Dutch rights finally brought her enough money (half a million copies sold in hard-back alone) to buy her the sumptuous villa in the hills behind Marbella, where she periodically retires to rest, recuperate and write.

To prove that she's more than a 'one-hit wonder', she now has eighteen books to her credit. Although she has masterminded two bodice-ripping, fictional trilogies, ('Lucinda' about the daughter of a Viscount who falls in love with a Sailor and 'Osiris', set in the imaginary African State of Salamba), most of the books are what Norman Mailer would call 'Faction'.

'Happily Hooked' one of her recent successes, was written in conjunction with her live-in lover, sculptor John Drummond and is a raunchy re-enactment of her meeting and subsequent life with the man she calls 'Don Juan'.

After eight years of unwedded bliss, the thrice married Xaviera has no plans to make the liaison legal. "Marriage is an institution," she says "and who wants to live in an institution?"

When she is with John (in Spain) she is "utterly faithful." When she is away (about five months 'on and off, on and off' over the course of a year) she works on the premise that, "If you can't be with the one you love . . . love the one you're with." She confesses to a penchant (along with a predilection for the female of the species and an occasional deviation into the S part of S and M) for young, very young, men ("waking up with their beautiful faces on the pillow").

More than one of her friends' sons, struggling with the problems of puberty, have benefitted from Xaviera's particular brand of therapy.

"The advantage of young lovers, especially if you pick them VERY young and innocent, when they're still at home, is that when they become a pain in the ass I can say, 'Piss off. Go back to your mother.'"

It is part of her make-up, of her dominant personality, to take charge, to be in control. This is her reason for rejecting the many offers that she had in her hey-day, from wealthy businessmen wanting to set her up in her own place.

"I preferred to be a prostitute rather than a mistress. I want to pick my own lovers. I don't like married men because you're always playing second fiddle. I like my men to be unattached and free."

This applies to her current man when she's away. She insists that she's not the jealous type.

"I'm the one who says, 'keep up the good work, if I'm gone for a month, by all means, I don't care if you fuck ten different girls. Just don't fuck ONE, ten different times!!!' If he remembers her name, if he sits and talks to her until four in the morning and DOESN'T fuck her, then I have reason to be suspicious, then he's giving away his soul. If he's giving away his sperm, I don't mind."

Nor do younger women faze this supremely self-assured femme fatale. She considers the young girls of today to be dim and not a little boring and is anyway secure enough in her own wealth of experience plus her ability to weave the ultimate in oral and aural erotica, not to feel threatened by them. At 46 the body that made her New York's most sought after demi-mondaine, may have ripened into that of a pre-Mayan fertility Goddess, but she still has the face of a Boticelli angel, that corn-coloured sweep of hair so beloved of shampoo commercials. And her boobs are the stuff that onanistic dreams are made of. But it is the voice, a throaty burr promising infinite possibilities, that is currently her most lucrative asset.

XAVIERA
Supersex

"To me the voice could be one of the most erogenous zones. English girls have high, twittery, chirpy voices that make you go limp. Hildegarde Kneff, Marlene Deitrich. THOSE are voices I would go for if I were a man."

Clearly she knows whereof she speaks. Her own voice, which has "deepened and strengthened" over the years, covers her phone-line customers "like a warm blanket."

Prospective callers should note that services are tailored to the censorship laws of the host country.

"In Holland I spin a fantasy for them, I make them come, that's what they pay for. In America and England (where she is shortly to set up shop), it has to be toned down because the law just doesn't allow hot talk."

The English line will be co-hosted by a dentist, (make up your mind, I'll have to adjust the chair?) known only as Dr Mike . . . "A swinger and a great lover of women . . . and men," . . . and will consist of a series of dialogues on which the caller can eavesdrop.

"He and I are experienced lovers. We will be presenting letters initially which are rather harmless and have to do with relationships and feelings like 'how should I masturbate?' or 'I caught my husband doing it to himself, should I be jealous or should I join in?' The terminology in England has to be much tamer. I won't say 'fuck' or 'suck' or 'jerk' but 'down there'. I can say, 'it feels warm and moist' but I can't say 'I wanna put my hot rod up your juicy box.' I don't like speaking like that anyway. I prefer the double entendre. What I hope to do is extend the service eventually from question and answer to hotline. Maybe have a guest. The good thing about the phone is — it's completely private — you are strictly alone with the person on the other end of the line. By hiding their face, maybe changing their name, a lot of people will open up to you. They feel they can trust the anonymity."

Her final words on telephone sex?

"In this day and age, the only thing you can get from a phone is 'hearing aids'".

Mae West eat your heart out.

t Happened To Me

Rough And Ready

I have only been married for six months and I suppose the title for the letter could be "Marry In Haste And Repent In Leisure," but having said that then if anyone is to blame for what has happened then it can only be myself.

My name is Vicky and I am a shapely 22 year old blonde. My husband Phil is 35, whilst my lover is called Lee and he is just 19. I'm afraid that my husband is one of the world's workaholics but that isn't the main reason for my sleeping with Lee. Phil is the sole owner of a small firm that is best described as being on the fringe of the electronics industry and I met him when I had a tedious job on the production line of his factory. I suppose that all of us girls set our hats at him, for he was undoubtedly rich pickings.

From leaving school to my marriage I have to admit that I screwed around quite a lot, but right from the first dinner-date with Phil I decided to play 'hard to get' and that is why he never got his leg over with me until the gold band was safely on my finger.

Before our honeymoon was even off the ground I realised that from a sexual point of view I had backed a loser. I'm afraid that Phil's equipment is negligible, and his performance pathetic. So, with my sex appetite being what it is, it was just a question of time before I strayed from the marriage bed — of course I had a lot to lose, so I had to be careful about when and who with.

Lee is our casual odd-job man — he is not the brightest of souls, and cleaning windows, washing cars and keeping the garden up to scratch is just about the limit of his capabilities. Like a lot of shall I say 'slow' men, he makes up in brawn what he lacks in brain-power. He's a tattooed giant of a youth and as strong as a horse — later I was to discover that the word 'horse' can be applied to another part of his anatomy, but we'll come to that later.

I think that all women know when a man has the hots for them. I certainly knew for months before he first fucked me that Lee lusted after me. I was thrilled but never looked upon him as my first lover; somehow he just wasn't my type.

When it happened, it came completely out of the blue. Lee comes to our house on one day a week — usually on a Wednesday — the day in question was a miserable one weatherwise and I was feeling terribly frustrated after one of Phil's rare and abortive attempts at love-making.

It happened in the kitchen. I called Lee in for a mug of coffee and he did what he does every time we have a cuppa together: stands at the door first and takes off his boots. As usual a big toe was sticking through one of his socks. In hindsight I suppose that I was dressed provocatively, but that was not by design, for although it was damp and cold outside, inside the house it was snug and warm. Hence the tight T-shirt, loose skirt, no tights and just a flimsy bra and tiny panties.

I caught him looking at my boobs first. I have quite full and ripe tits, but nevertheless they really are firm and jut out. I got a look at myself in the mirror; my nipples were poking through the thin, tight cotton like nobody's business. I felt myself blush and I looked back at him, his face was quite intense; even though his eyes were slits I could see the almost naked lust that was in them. I was aware of a silence that was almost ominous in its intensity. It was Lee who was the first to speak, and the tone of his voice was anything but friendly. Hitherto he had never addressed me by anything other than my surname. Now it was a harsh growl, and a demand more than a request, "Come here Vicky. I've got something for you." And he put a huge grubby hand on his crotch.

I think that my mouth just opened and shut a number of times — I admit to a stab of fear as I finally blurted out, "What do you mean? What have you got that I'd want?" Yet scared or not, I still found myself moving up to him. He made a grab for my wrists and pulled me against his own body. I could smell stale beer on his breath, I saw the unshaven chin and the dirt-ingrained hands and nails. For the first time I realised that he was quite hairy, it was thick on his forearms and his huge barrel-like chest. I had a spasm of nausea and I couldn't stop myself from shuddering. But despite all this there was still an excitement, a thrill, a hotness running all through me. I could feel a pulse beating in my temple, and my knees were shaking. My lips felt parched and I was fighting to stop myself from moaning out aloud.

When he spoke again his voice was a snarl, "This Vicky, this is what you want." He took my hand and pressed it against his crotch. I felt his cock against my palm and I immediately knew that he was rock-hard as it jerked against my fingers. I still kept up the pretence of protest, until with one hand he was pressing me down over the kitchen table and with the other he was pulling my skirt up over my hips till it was like a rag around my back and my waist. I felt a thick finger probing at my pussy as he pulled my panties to one side. He rubbed his finger up my cunt; I knew I was wet. "You cock happy bitch, you're hot for it, it's in your face. Your old man does nowt for you, nowt." I heard the sound of his zip being pulled down — something hard and hot was nudging my buttocks — I knew it was his cock.

I was still face down across the table and with my elbows I eased myself up a little. "Spread yourself, spread your legs," his voice was harsh in my ear. Above and over me I could hear his breathing quickening, he was talking all the time but most of it was just jibberish as his excitement mounted. I think he said "Now, bitch, now," and I gasped as I felt the knob of his cock part my pussy lips. I could only moan, I didn't want to stop him. I wanted him every bit as much as he wanted me. But that first probing of his prick was enough to tell me that he was thicker than any cock I'd known before, I couldn't hold my lust back and I just gasped out my need, "Oh yes Lee. Now, now . . . give me it." And my pleading became a scream of pain and wonderment as he grabbed my hips in his work-roughened hands and literally rammed his cock up me to the very hilt. I screamed at the sheer size of him — no man had ever filled me as Lee did. In that one thrust I knew that he was massive in length as well as in girth.

And then he started to fuck me. I'd never been fucked the way Lee fucked me that day. He has screwed me many times since, but that first time has never been bettered — equalled yes, but never bettered. His cock was like a bar of iron deep in my belly. It was like piston, a greased and oiled piston that had me screaming out my joy and fulfillment in no time at all. I could feel his balls slapping against my bum cheeks and my inner thighs. In half a minute he had brought me to my first orgasm, in seconds I was bucking against his thrusts

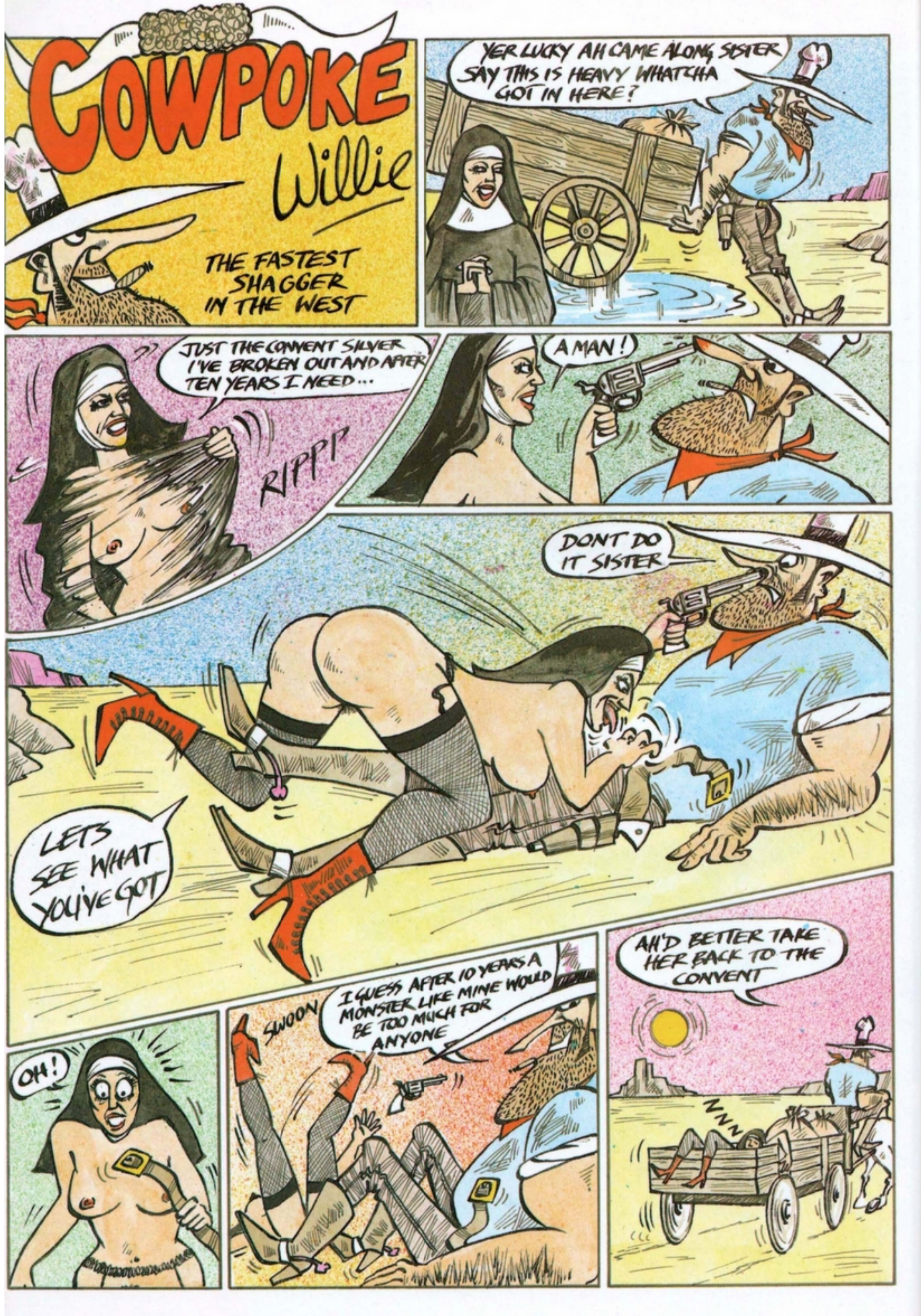
For fully ten minutes he fucked me non-stop. It was a wonderful, shattering, mind-boggling experience. I had never realised that fucking could be like this, that a man's cock could bring about such a sensation of pleasure, contentment and euphoria. More than once I knew that I was close to blacking out at the sheer intenseness of my feelings.

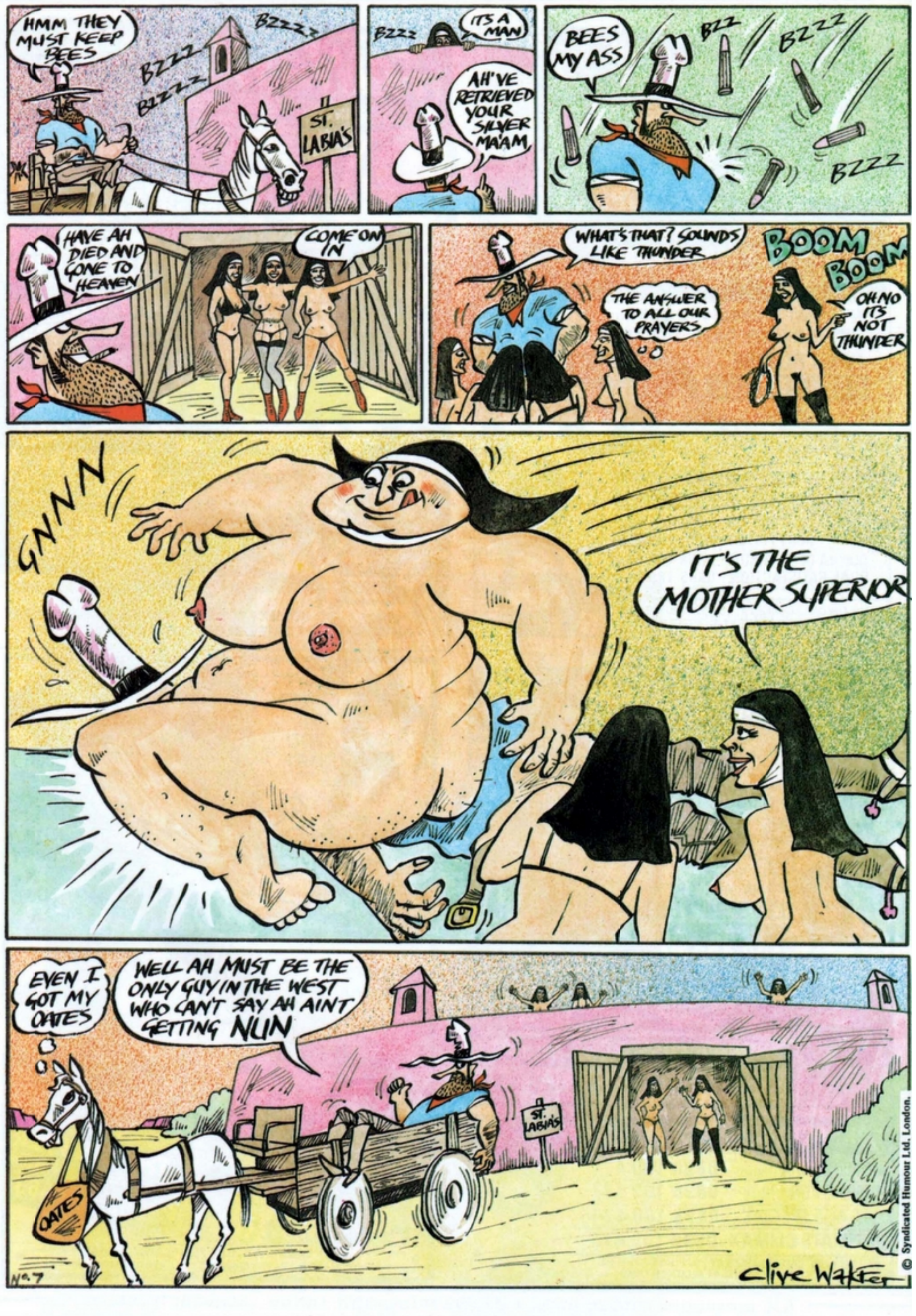
He brought me back down to earth just the once — and with a thud. He stopped fucking that cock into me — stopped just like that — I knew he hadn't come in me. I raised my head to say something — that's when he said, "Your tits, Vicky. Get your tits out — I want to hold them while I fuck you."

I nodded and muttered "Yes Lee, yes." I pulled my shirt up to my neck, and then from deep in my throat I was moaning my pleasure once more as his large, calloused hands were grabbing at my ripe, swaying tits.

It must have been all of another five minutes before he climaxed himself. I gasped as his hands tightened on my tits. He grunted behind me, thrust harder and incredibly, deeper than ever. He was plunging, pushing, and stabbing as he humped me until I was almost out of my mind. My breath left my body, I moaned and gasped and screamed out yet another climax. I heard him cry out, for a second he leaned back, for a second he was still, and then with a thrust that scared me silly I could feel his cock bucking and spurting and jetting inside me and he was flooding me with his warm, thick spunk.

The tremors seemed to go on forever. Inside me I could feel his hot seed moving, it started to trickle from me. And why I'll never know — but I just burst out sobbing. — *Vicky, Washington.*


COWPOKE
Willie
THE FASTEST SHAGGER IN THE WEST
YER LUCKY AH CAME ALONG SISTER SAY THIS IS HEAVY WHATCHA GOT IN HERE?
JUST THE CONVENT SILVER I'VE BROKEN OUT AND AFTER TEN YEARS I NEED...
RIPPP
A MAN!
DONT DO IT SISTER
LETS SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT
OH!
SWOON
I GUESS AFTER 10 YEARS A MONSTER LIKE MINE WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR ANYONE
AH'D BETTER TAKE HER BACK TO THE CONVENT


HMM THEY MUST KEEP BEES
BZZZZ
BZZZZ
BZZZZ
ST. LABIA'S
BZZZ
ITS A MAN
AH'VE RETRIEVED YOUR SILVER MA'AM
BEES MY ASS
BZZ
BZZZ
BZZZ
HAVE AH DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN
COME ON IN
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE THUNDER
BOOM BOOM
THE ANSWER TO ALL OUR PRAYERS
OH NO ITS NOT THUNDER
GNNN
IT'S THE MOTHER SUPERIOR
EVEN I GOT MY OATES
WELL AH MUST BE THE ONLY GUY IN THE WEST WHO CAN'T SAY AH AINT GETTING NUN
ST. LABIA'S
OATES
No. 7
clive walker

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Got a nasty itch in your nethers and can't reach it? Partner not coming up to scratch? Fear of the opposite sex? Fear of the sex right next to you? We've got the perfect solution. BETTE NOIR, Knave's own sexual paracetamol will kiss it better . . .

what's YOUR PROBLEM?

Q: I wasn't exactly a virgin when I met my husband. In fact, I had experimented quite a bit, and I don't regret any of it at all! But he says that's the reason why my vagina feels — well, roomy for him. As I am only 30 (he is the same age), is this possible? He suggested that I try some exercises to tighten things up. What are they? — L.V., Exeter.

A: Whoa. I don't know how long you've been married, my love, but if it's a recent hitch, this is a symptom: he's angry at you, or else very insecure, because you weren't inexperienced when he met you, and/or he's worried about comparisons you might be making. He needs a lot more reassurance, and a lot less information about your past – so keep it to yourself. There's nothing wrong with your sweet little insides, unless you've had a few kids along the way, which could stretch things a *bit*. That's something to talk over, and the sooner the better. Then, if you want to try those exercises – he means the Kegel ones, incidentally – they do improve your muscle tone. Clench up as if you're trying to stop urinating (in fact, try it on the loo), then let go. Tighten and release about 15-30 times at a shot, then work up to as many as you feel comfortable doing, at various moments of the day. Increases your "grip"! Don't I sound like Jane Fonda? (A position you could try is keeping your legs together when he's on top, or you are, so he's more snugly held). Very nice. Makes queuing for the supermarket check-out more fun. I know a woman who does it in rhythm to whatever is on her walkman.

Q: Is there some law that says that women don't want to have sex in the morning? That has to be my favourite time! — D.W., Harrogate.

A: There are a lot of women who love to love, morning *and* night and afternoon and teatime and elevenses . . . But actually, there's a biochemical slant here that favours sun-up for the roosters. Since testosterone (an ingredient of desire in both sexes) in men has a real peak in production every morning. Early to rise and all that. *And*, during the night, a man can have four or five erections in his sleep (one snore and – damn! Missed it!) And, since that kind of stimulation facilitates sperm production, *your* prime-time for show-time is breakfast-time! (Beats watching breakfast T.V.!)

Q: It seems to me that when my girlfriend is sitting astride me, sex lasts longer than if I were on top. We're having a great time double-checking this fact, but — why should this be the case? — B.H., Guernsey.

A: Well, you may be more relaxed with her on top, doing all the "work" after all, hastens climax. Also, she can set the pace – one good reason for her being there in the first place, right? – and she can prolong her fun and yours. The friction is generally not quite so hot for you, which also slows things down, one advantage being that when you finally let go after a substatial build-up, it's terrific!

Q: Does it make a difference in sexual prowess whether a man is circumcised or not? — M.R., Belfast.

A: No. Nix, nyet, no way, absolutely not. Unless, of course, *he* thinks he's a better lover, one way or another. And he'd be using muesli for brains. Next question?

Q: I have a good sexual relationship with a woman, and I want very much to satisfy her, which she tells me I do. But although I have a good climax after she sucks me off or uses her hands, I have trouble when we actually have intercourse. She says it doesn't bother her, but it does me. Help! — D. Roberts, Edgeware.

A: On the way. In your letter you're talking about ejaculation, which is a reflex that a man *can't* normally have a great deal of control over. While *some* men have too little (premature ejaculation), you may have too much. I wonder what it is that doesn't allow you to completely let go during sex. There's possibly some anxiety about your sexual life or love relationship with her – I think you had better check that out. The chances are there's nothing at all wrong with you except that. Are you *sure* you're happy being emotionally involved with her? Nothing is at fault, sweetie, just something that has to be solved. You're holding back. Think – then talk!

PENPOWER PLUS

◀107

gasped as my spunk filled her cunt.

We fucked many more times that night and I'm sure my cock refreshed parts of Sara that no other man had reached before.

Since then I've become much more understanding towards Sara's needs and she's promised to give me Sunday nights off. Oh yes! . . . I nearly forgot to mention it, I passed all my exams with flying colours which just goes to show, you can have your cake and eat it. – *T.H., Birmingham.*

Bollocks!

Last night, the most amazing thing happened to me. I got home from work and found my neighbour Judy licking her best friend Sally's cunt. When they saw me they asked if I'd like to join in. My wife was at work so I jumped at the chance.

Neither of them could take their eyes off the bulge in my jeans. They both stripped me bare in ten seconds flat. Each of them gasped in turn as they saw my 9 inch cock stand to attention. Kissing around my balls, they licked my helmet.

Judy had 42DD tits and I had always fancied getting my cock between them. But instead, she took my shaft down her throat and gave me the best blow job I've had in ages. Meanwhile, Sally sucked Judy's dripping cunt whilst playing with her own 38D melons. I could feel Judy's mouth sliding up and down my prick as she heaved her first orgasm. To my amazement, her cunt juice flowed down Sally's tits, causing the girl to come instantly.

"Right," said Judy, "it's your turn now, you bastard." She forced me onto my back and lowered her hairy fanny onto my throbbing pole. She rode me hard and slow. Sally sat on my face so that I could tease her clit and wet minge with my tongue. Her cunt was small and sweet whilst her juice had a lovely taste. When the girls began to kiss and fondle each other I shot my load. As it fired up her boiling cunt, she flooded my bollocks with her own juice.

After a short rest I fancied fucking Sally doggie fashion. Judy pushed her fanny into her face while I rogered her. Sally had always said that she wanted a bit of both. Now she was getting it.

Meanwhile, Judy's tits were bouncing so delightfully that I had to suck them. In my frenzy, I clambered over Judy as far as I could without taking my cock out of her. This extra thrill induced her orgasm immediately.

Before I could follow suit Judy wrenched my cock out of Sally's hole. She took it in her gaping mouth and swallowed every bit of my fantastic spunk.

Well, after that we were all absolutely knackered. Collapsing on the bed, we planned another bout for a few days time. – *P.P., Chatham.*

Look, I hate to sound sceptical, but I don't think I've read such a pile of shite since I cancelled my subscription to the "XS Chat-Up Guide." I ask you dear readers, to try and visualize the positions this guy must have been in. This, gentleman, is what we in the trade call "bollocks!" – Dep. Ed.

Swedish Feet

Hullo! I am Swedish man and I would like to congratulate you on the standard of *Knave*. It's the very best magazine for men. The girls are always very beautiful. I am sorry for my very bad English but I hope you can read what I am writing.

In Sweden we have some magazines for men but they have not good standard on the pictures of the girls. I think the girls must be in full-length portrait on most of the pictures. So they are in *Knave* mostly. In Sweden they cut off the legs and arms on the pictures and that is very bad. The girl's beauty is not to see when arms and legs is not there on any pictures.

In *Knave* I can see the beauty of the girls. Nothing can be more beautiful but a completely nude well-shaped woman. The roundness of their breasts and the roundness of their bottoms is a great enjoyment to see.

What I love most of all is well-shaped beautiful legs and well-shaped pretty feet of young ladies. A well-shaped little foot of a woman is a miracle of sensualism and beauty. The curved line of the foot's upper side down to the small, pretty toes is the most lovely thing in the world to see. The under side is as beautiful as the upper side. When I perceive a beautiful woman's well-shaped stripped feet, I want to touch them and caress them with my hands. Most of all I want to kiss the whole feet.

It's difficult to understand how the young ladies feet can be that small and well-shaped, beautiful and sexy, while the men's feet are big, knobbly, lumbering and abominably ugly. I think it is this very great difference why men love the ladies feet.

I suppose you understand I'm going to ask for more bare foot ladies in *Knave*. The ladies pretty feet are often forgotten and that is not good.

The reason for why I began to buy *Knave* was the most beautiful girl in the world. She was on the cover of *Knave*. It was Alana, Vol. 19 No. 9. When I saw the pictures inside I bought it at once. I think Alana is the most beautiful girl in the world. Her feet were the best. – *S.H., Sweden.*

I think he likes us! Incidentally, we may have an interesting pictorial for all you foot fanciers in the very near future. – Dep. Ed.

JOKER

Two friends are sitting talking in a local pub one night.

"Man, was I lucky last night," says the first.

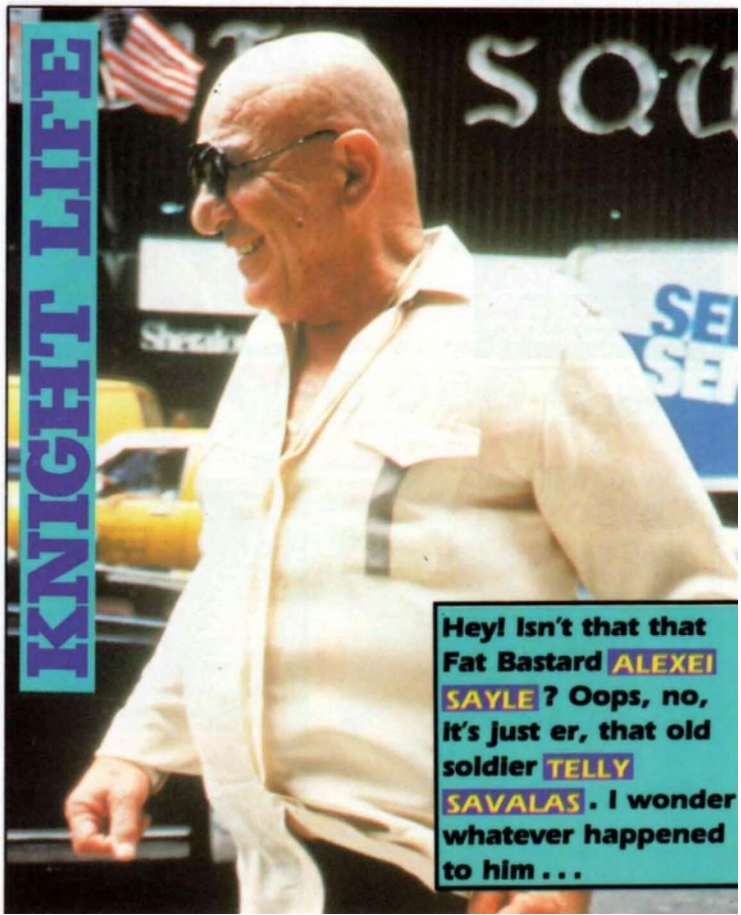
"Why, did you win the pools or something?" asks his friend.

"No, but last night I was fucking seven bells out of the wife, when WHAM, the chandelier came flying down and landed right on my arse!"

"You call that lucky?" says his mate.

"Fuck yes! If it had happened a couple of minutes sooner it would have broken my bloody neck!"

KNIGHT LIFE



Hey! Isn't that that Fat Bastard ALEXEI SAYLE? Oops, no, it's just er, that old soldier TELLY SAVALAS. I wonder whatever happened to him . . .

PENPOWER PLUS

◀73

My hands went to her buttocks and for a moment we kissed hotly and passionately. Our bodies were clamped together, and my cock was between us.

I could hear a deep moan coming from her throat. She stood back from me, and her hands were on my cock again. She gasped softly, "Fuck me . . . fuck me . . . fuck me . . ." I put my hands underneath her buttocks and lifted her up. She guided my cock to her snatch. She ran herself up and down my prick three or four times. I fould feel her dampness. She went still in my arms, the tip of my prick was at her cunt lips. Then she screamed, "Now . . . now . . . now . . ." I rammed my cock into her. One thrust and I was all the way in. For a second she went rigid. She had one hand on my bum and the other round my neck, her nails were digging into me.

Then I started to fuck her I knew she wanted it hard so that's the way I let her have it. Long deep thrusts, one after the other, faster and faster. The hand on my bum was pulling me tighter. She started to groan and her head was twisting from side to side. Her eyes were wide open and glazed, and her lovely red hair tumbled around her shoulders. It was a quick fuck and we timed our orgasms perfectly. I exploded into her and she yelled and moaned my name and again her nails clawed my back.

Then it was over. I held her in my arms with my cock still inside her for what seemed like an eternity. She shook and shook. I kissed her cheeks and eyes. She just cooed and gave a long, long sigh. I moved over to the bed. She was still wrapped around me, and my cock was still up her. I fucked her three more times that afternoon. On her back initially. Then she sat astride me and rode my cock like a Derby winner, while I filled my hands with her marvellous tits. Finally, I took her doggie style. This was her favourite. She said my cock filled her even more like that. Who was I to argue?

In between screwing, we had our cuddly-duddly sessions. She told me that mine was the biggest prick she'd had. Also that she thought black was beautiful. For my part, I told her that she was the first. Actually she was the sixth, and I've told them all the same thing – I think it's good for their egos.

Since then I've seen her, on average, a couple of times a week. Her husband pays me – I'm not going to say how much. At the back of his mind is the AIDS thing, he doesn't want her screwing all and sundry. So if I stick to screwing his wife only, everything will be cool. Well, you don't look a gift horse in the mouth, do you?
– S.P., Lancaster

Chlorinated Hydrocarbons

As one of your newer readers I'd like to congratulate you on producing such a wankingly good mag with such lovely girls (not the cheap tarts found in others) but what I really like is reading the letters from the other readers detailing their sexual exploits and I thought it was time that I chipped in one of my own.

I'm currently at college and have been studying a lot for some exams that have been coming up. This has been particularly hard on my girlfriend who lives with me, since after a hard day's work, I'm absolutely useless to her in bed.

Anyway one evening I was working at my desk as usual when my girlfriend came in. I was concentrating on my studying so hard that I hardly noticed her. She came across and I figured she must have dropped something because she started groping around on the carpet near my desk. Next thing I know, my fly was undone and some soft fingers curled around the base of my rod, and a kiss had been planted on the top of it. I then felt a soft mouth engulf it and then ove slowly up and down it until it was sucking the whole length of my cock.

JOKER

A shy eighteen year old girl had developed this fantastic body, and began really taking an interest in the lads.

Mother said to father, "You know, Dad, I'm getting very worried about our Mary. She spends too much time in the church-yard with the boys."

"Girls will be girls," said the old man, "you did it at her age."

"Yes, but I didn't come home with my knickers starched and a purse full of pound coins!"

"Is that all? It could be worse," sighed the father.

"It is. Yesterday I found 'In Loving Memory' imprinted on the back of her best coat!"

By this time my cock was out of control. It had automatically extended and felt harder than I ever thought possible. I knew that tonight my girlfriend was determined to get a good hard fuck out of me no matter what so I decided to give in gracefully and give her one. Well, faced with learning the reactions of chlorinated chain hydrocarbons and their use in making plastic or getting my cock in between my girlfriend's legs, well it was no contest.

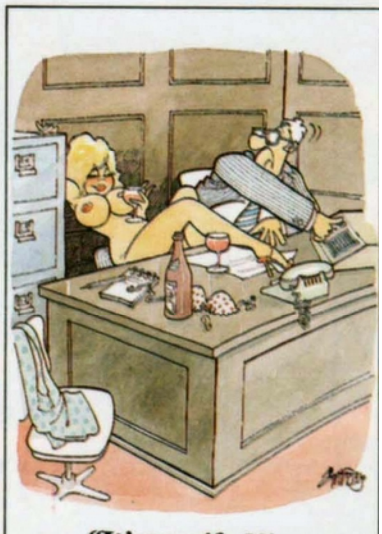
I reached down under the desk taking my girlfriend's head firmly by my hands and started ramming it up and down the length of my cock to show I'd given in. After a few more sucks, Sara (my girlfriend) got up from under the desk and proceeded to give me a striptease, there and then in front of me. She took off all her clothes to reveal herself in white suspenders and stockings and a lacy bra and panties. The sight of Sara in all that sexy underwear had my cock throbbing like mad but I managed to control myself, enabling me to return the favour that Sara had just given me.

I knelt down in front of her and pulled down her panties and got Sara to spread her legs apart, the sight of her pussy lips had me foaming at the mouth and as my tongue finally reached them, Sara let out a long deep moan.

After I had worked Sara into a frenzy with some deep probing by my hyperactive tongue I led her into the bedroom where she fell gently onto the bed. The sight of her naked body just lying there in front of me invitingly was more than I could stand. I tore off my clothes as if they were on fire to display my fully extended cock stretched out in front of me.

I lowered myself slowly into her body as she grabbed my cock. I kissed Sara full on the mouth for the first time in weeks as she directed my cock into her juicy cunt. This was what I had been missing for so long and all the frustration and pent up energy I had inside me was now being channelled into violently fucking Sara. I screwed her with long hard thrusts while I kissed and sucked her tits. I continued to quicken up the pace even more and fucked her even harder as Sara's body continued to writhe under me.

I felt the pressure build up inside me and knew that the moment of truth wasn't far away. Lifting my head up from being buried in Sara's tits, I saw the look of ecstasy on her face and that did it. I started pumping away and

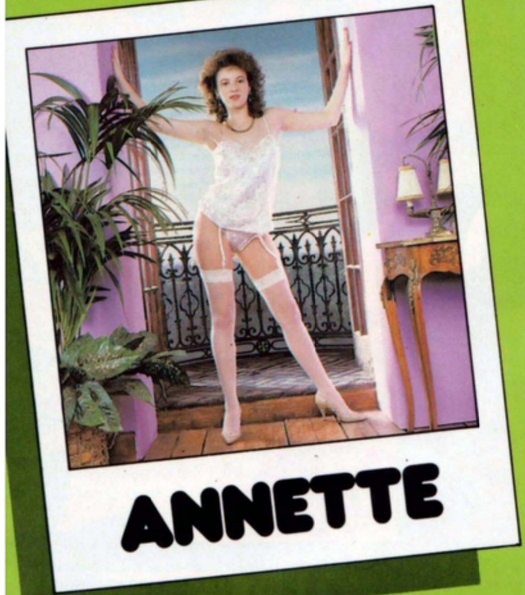

"It's my wife, Miss Bagina! Quick, look busy!"

▶10

Photographed by [illegible] GURGUL

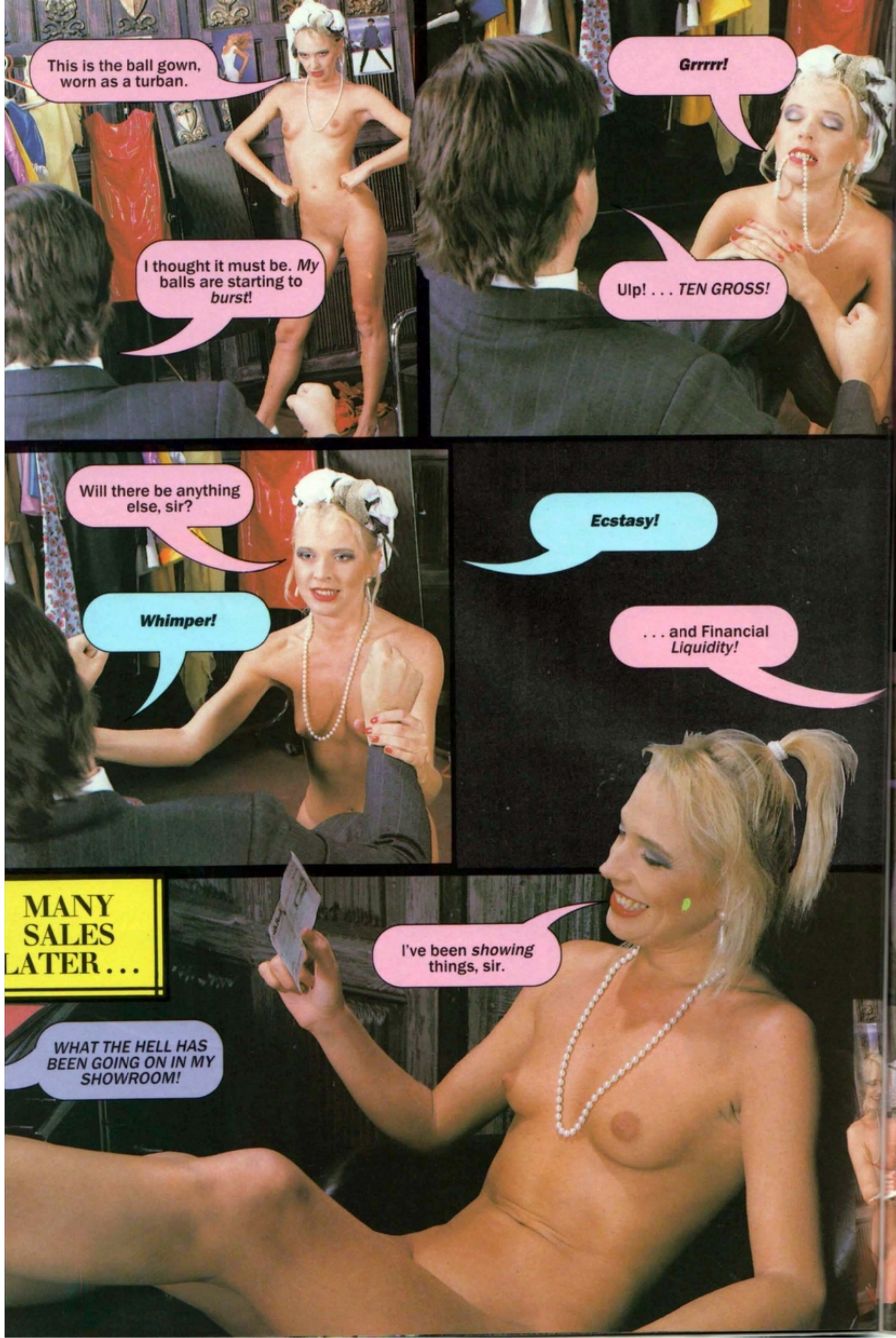
My First Time

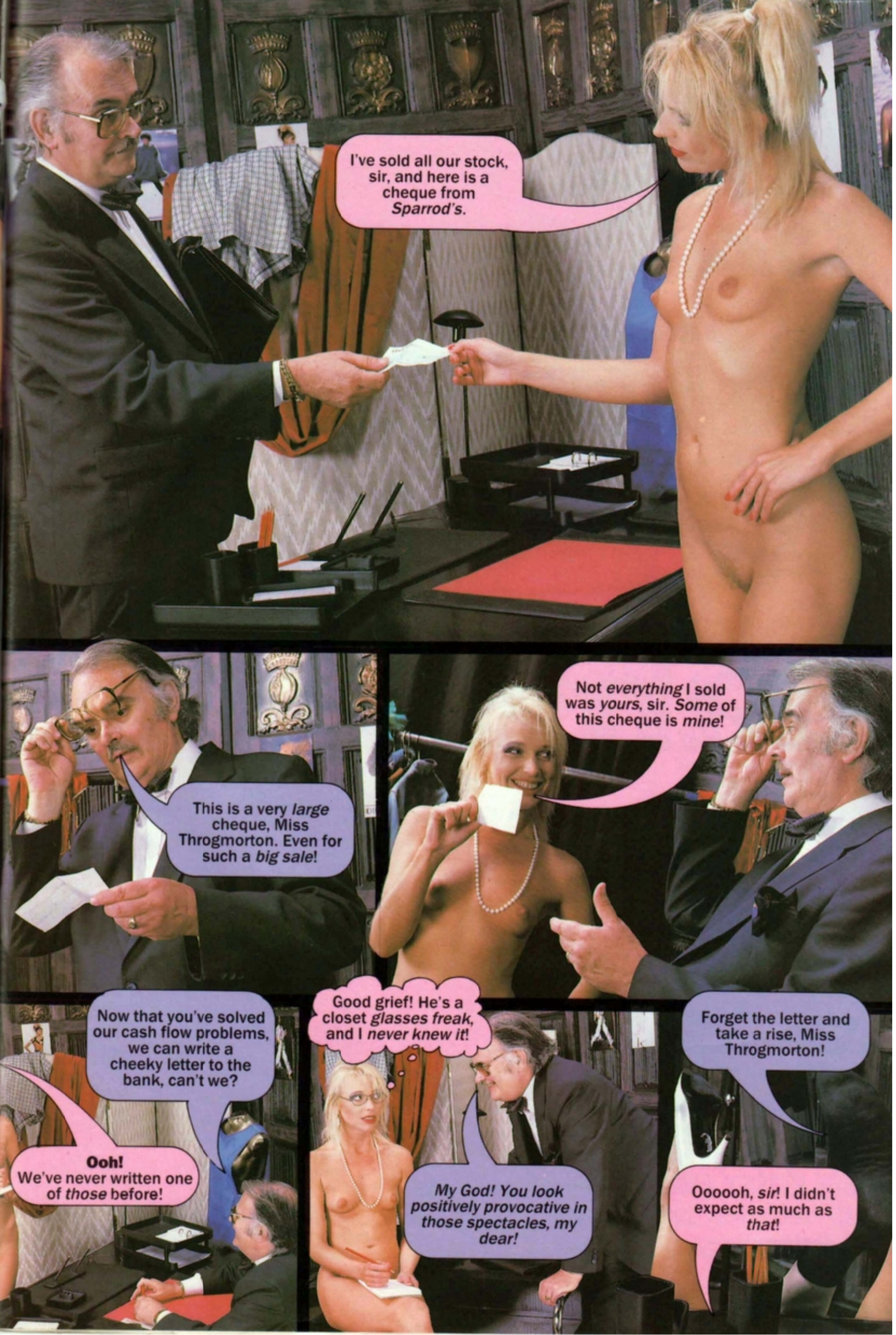
Everyone remembers their first times. Whether it's the first time they got drunk, had sex, whatever, it sticks in the mind. But what about models? They all have a first time, too. And that's where Knave comes in. If you have a secret passion to become a model, then why not enter 'My First Time' and make it happen!



All you need to do is send us at least three nude polaroids or prints of yourself, along with the entry form, and we take it from there. Who knows, your 'first time' as a model might be just around the corner!

There's a distinctly French feel to this issue. We've already had Alicia, and now there's Annette, this month's First Timer, posed before a huge erection, namely, the Eiffel Tower. Okay, so I didn't exactly plan for this set to give me quite this many innuendo opportunities, it just worked out that way. Annette's fantasy had been a dirty weekend in Paris. Unfortunately, all we could give her was a night in a dirty hotel in Paris! You, however, could do much better, by getting your partner to enter out competition, previously called Amateur Model, but now dubbed First Timers. Check out the competition pages – but be quick, the closing date is April 1st!


This is the ball gown, worn as a turban.
I thought it must be. *My* balls are starting to *burst*!
Grrrrr!
Ulp! . . . *TEN GROSS!*
Will there be anything else, sir?
Whimper!
Ecstasy!
. . . and Financial *Liquidity!*
MANY SALES LATER . . .
WHAT THE HELL HAS BEEN GOING ON IN MY SHOWROOM!
I've been *showing* things, sir.

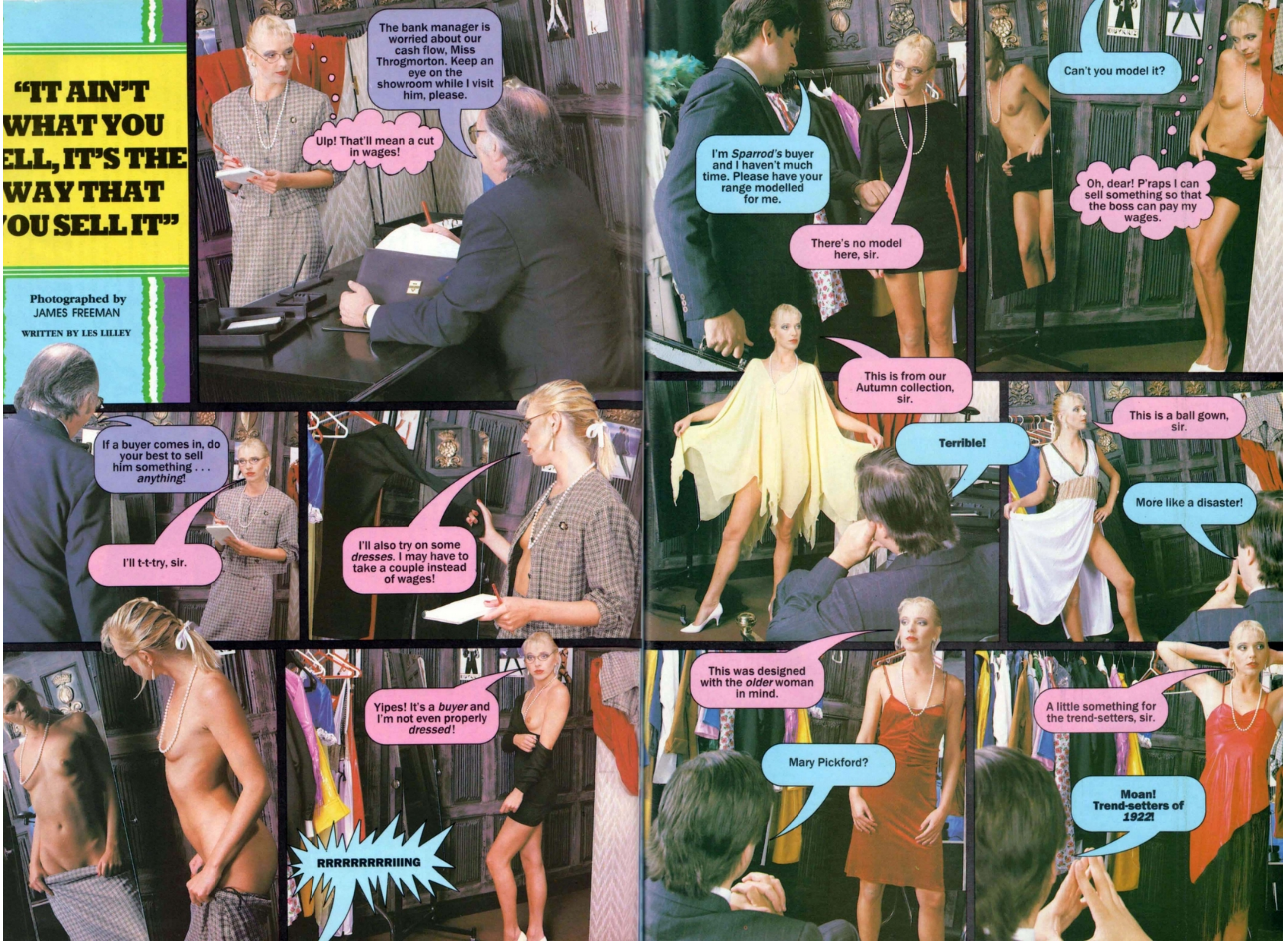

I've sold all our stock, sir, and here is a cheque from *Sparrod's*.
This is a very *large* cheque, Miss Throgmorton. Even for such a *big sale*!
Not *everything* I sold was *yours*, sir. *Some* of this cheque is *mine*!
Now that you've solved our cash flow problems, we can write a cheeky letter to the bank, can't we?
Ooh! We've never written one of *those* before!
Good grief! He's a closet *glasses freak*, and I *never knew it*!
My God! You look positively provocative in those spectacles, my dear!
Forget the letter and take a rise, Miss Throgmorton!
Ooooh, *sir*! I didn't expect as much as *that*!

I'm going! This is a waste of time!
Wait, sir! Your case is over here.
!
Has something caught your eye, sir?
Ulp! I r-rather th-think it *has*!
take three gross of d-d-dress you nearly have on!
And I think I could change your mind about our other gowns if you will allow me to show them again, sir.
We'll take another look at the little black number I wore when you arrived.
It has better *points* when worn like this doesn't it?
Phew! It certainly does!
Have three gross delivered as quickly a possible, and make sure all the skirts are short as that!
Here again is the pride of our Autumn collection, doubling as a shawl for use in chilly bedrooms.
Your pride is even making *me* feel proud!
Wow! Send four gross by express delivery!
This is crushed velvet for the older woman, crushed even further.
Groan! It does something fo the *older man* when you wear it tha way! Wrap up *FIVE* gross!

“IT AIN'T WHAT YOU ELL, IT'S THE WAY THAT OU SELL IT”

Photographed by
JAMES FREEMAN

WRITTEN BY LES LILLEY


The bank manager is worried about our cash flow, Miss Throgmorton. Keep an eye on the showroom while I visit him, please.
Ulp! That'll mean a cut in wages!
If a buyer comes in, do your best to sell him something . . . *anything*!
I'll t-t-try, sir.
I'll also try on some *dresses*. I may have to take a couple instead of wages!
Yipes! It's a *buyer* and I'm not even properly *dressed*!
RRRRRRRRRRIIING
I'm *Sparrod's* buyer and I haven't much time. Please have your range modelled for me.
There's no model here, sir.
Can't you model it?
Oh, dear! P'raps I can sell something so that the boss can pay my wages.
This is from our Autumn collection, sir.
Terrible!
This is a ball gown, sir.
More like a disaster!
This was designed with the *older* woman in mind.
Mary Pickford?
A little something for the trend-setters, sir.
Moan! Trend-setters of *1922*!